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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1903.

The Week.

Enough is known of the protest filed with the State Department by Colombia to make it clear that it is a document to be reckoned with. The discreet ability displayed by Gen. Reyes and his associates has been, in fact, highly notable. They have not blustered or threatened war—on the contrary, they have labored with wonderful success to still warlike passions in Colombia. War, they say, would have been a fatal blunder. It would have been playing the game of American Jingoes. Much wiser as well as more humane was the course actually pursued. The Colombian representatives have taken the position of a lawyer with a good case. He does not begin promiscuous shooting; but goes to the courts. It is really also a tribute to the American Government which Reyes and his advisers have paid in assuming that it would give a fair hearing to an argument going to show that it had proceeded improperly, and had laid itself open to a claim for substantial damages. The net result is certainly to cloud the title which we set up to the Isthmian canal. Our right is by no means so clear as was at first glibly asserted. Grave questions of treaty interpretation are involved, as well as of correct procedure under the general provisions of international law; and all these matters are presented with force by the Colombian envoys and the able counsel they have employed. Their protest we are bound to consider seriously. Arms we would have met with arms, but reason we must encounter with reason—better reason, if we can produce it; if not, with frank admission that we have been in the wrong. And if, failing agreement between ourselves and Colombia, the solemn appeal is made that we refer the points in dispute to the Hague Tribunal, this Administration could not think of refusing to do so. We who urged Germany to go there to adjust the Venezuelan controversy, could not decline to submit our own differences with Colombia to the same high arbitrament without exposing ourselves to the scorn of all mankind.

President Roosevelt was almost dithyrambic in his message when he came to speak of the way in which "the people of Panama rose as one man." But his stanch defender, the New York *Tribune*, printed on Monday a letter from a special correspondent at the Isthmus, who declares in so many words that the people had nothing whatever to do with the revolution. "Seven men, aided by the soldiers and others whose support had been purchased, were alone responsible for the sudden revolution in the political status of Panama." "Were the people of the other provinces consulted? They were not. Were the people of Colon and Panama let into the secret? They were not." We cannot congratulate our contemporary on its enterprise, since the *Evening Post's* correspondent gave exactly the same facts on December 8; but we do compliment it on its journalistic fairness in printing a truthful account of what actually occurred, even though the result is to destroy the official Republican version. Genuine republics are certainly not created by such hole-and-corner conspiracies as this letter details. A mercenary plot with a bribery attachment is seen to be the true origin of this "new birth among the nations." Everybody knows it for the fictitious product it is; and everybody will be correspondingly glad when some sensible arrangement is made to restore Panama to Colombia and get the canal without suspicion of fraud. A revolution in which the people had absolutely no part might easily be made to go backwards.

The "authorized announcement" that President Roosevelt has promised not to make Gen. Wood lieutenant-general of the army was no sooner in print than it was denied by the Senator to whom it was said to have been made. It was stated that this assurance had done much to conciliate Senators who are uneasy about Gen. Wood, because they wish to see him a major-general and nothing more. But even if Mr. Roosevelt were to promise not to make Wood lieutenant-general and titular head of the army, it would not follow that the doctor-general will never reach that rank. If confirmed as major-general now, he will be the senior officer in that grade on the retirement of Gen. MacArthur on March 6, 1909. Even if reëlected next fall, Mr. Roosevelt will not be in office at that time. But whoever becomes President on that date will find himself confronted with the same argument which Mr. Roosevelt is now using so vigorously—that Wood is the senior of his grade and that to jump any one over him into the lieutenant-generalcy would be to slight him. Moreover, it will be said then as now, that the blame, if any, is Mr. McKinley's for making Dr. Wood a brigadier-general in 1901, and that, once having been made a brigadier-general, he ought to go up by seniority. The humiliation of having a military surgeon made the highest officer in the United States army for many years is one which Congress ought to prevent in the interest of the nation and army, and now is the time to do it—not in 1909. Then it will be alleged that there is so little difference in the duties of major and lieutenant-general as to make the additional promotion of no consequence.

According to a well-known story, a rascal who stole a pig was commanded to give five stivers to the poor. He directly said he would give ten, because he wanted to steal another. This tale should be instructive to those executives who are so freely exercising the pardoning power. The Governor of Michigan has just pardoned a Detroit bank-wrecker who had served less than a year and a half of a fifteen-year sentence; and the President granted last week eleven pardons, one of them to a former bank president. The immediate effect of these pardons is to strengthen the impression that a rich man, of good family, who plunders a bank will be treated far more leniently than the poor man whose methods are cruder and less successful. Another effect, equally unfortunate, is the development of an idea that the pardoning power is a sort of royal prerogative, to be graciously exercised by wholesale at various high festivals. Rightfully, however, a pardon is granted only on those rare occasions when later-discovered evidence, or a fact which calls for a revision of judgment, shows that the sentence has been really unjust. The Detroit pardon is obviously a case where the tears of friends and an appeal to sentiment pure and simple have been determining causes. For the President, the duty of the moment is to get rascals into prison rather than out. The country is crying out for justice upon the land thieves and the postal thieves.

Perry S. Heath continues as buoyant and impudent as ever. In his latest outgiving he asserts that President McKinley had hoped to see Hanna next in succession. Heath knows this, because McKinley, recognizing in Heath those sterling qualities of heart and mind which make his name to-day a household word, chose Heath as confidant. Posing also as the repository of Senator Hanna's secrets, he tells us that the Senator's business is now so arranged that he "can serve in any capacity in the Government." Moreover, "Hanna does not want the office [of President]. That does not mean that he does not want the nomination. I say he does not want the office." If Mr. Heath correctly states the Senator's position, the Hanna boom need not be a cause of anxiety to any one. Mr. Hanna is not likely to get the nomination; but should he by chance secure it, the voters will never thrust him into an

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office which he does not want. Indeed, if Perry Heath, as Secretary of the Republican National Committee, continues until next June "airing his vocabulary," the voters may conceivably defeat any Republican candidate. Dr. Johnson once said, "A cow is a very good animal in a field, but we turn her out of a garden." We may add that Mr. Heath might be a good man in a penitentiary, but he should be turned out of a political committee.

Probably the best indication of the real condition of the Hanna boom is furnished by the action of his lieutenants in Ohio. They have decided to hold their State convention at the very latest date possible. In other words, they are going to wait as long as may be to see what will turn up. They adopt this expectant attitude because they think that Mr. Hanna is certain to be the beneficiary of all the discontent with President Roosevelt. This may increase by the end of next May in such proportions as to compel the Ohio Senator to come to the rescue of his imperilled party. On the other hand, if the opposition to the President's renomination proves futile, the Ohio Republicans will be ready to come out heroically as fortune's champion, ever strong upon the stronger side, and bring up the rear of the conventions with wild enthusiasm for Roosevelt. In so far, we take it, the Hanna movement against the President is serious. It will be pushed if those behind it think it can be made successful without at the same time wrecking the party. The big subscriptions are ready; the politicians have been sounded; and now there is nothing to do but wait. If Mr. Roosevelt should make some blunder still further alienating supporters, he would be thrown over. We presume that he understands the situation. The ostentatious reconciliation between him and Senator Hanna deceives nobody. It recalls what Lady Russell said when her husband, Lord John, had made peace with his rival, Lord Palmerston: "They have shaken hands and embraced, and hate each other worse than ever."

The *Times*, in a State by State canvass of Democratic preferences, brings out these interesting facts: first, that there is great division of councils; second, that Judge Parker has a handsome plurality on the theory that he can carry New York. Naturally, a vote which is merely the opinion of State correspondents as to the political drift in their communities need not be regarded with great seriousness. One takes with a grain of salt, for example, the little roster of States which have made an adoptive favorite son of W. R. Hearst. But it is instructive to note that the Democracy at large seems to be taking Mr. Cleveland absolutely at his word and to be little inclined to force him to reconsider his letter to Mr. McKelway. It should be said also that the advocacy of Judge Parker lacks enthusiasm except among those—a small minority of the party—who are eager for "any safe candidate." In short, the *Times's* interesting *enquête* merely shows a general indecision in Democratic councils which calls for new and vigorous leadership. It is quite possible that the "man to beat Roosevelt" is as yet unnamed and unrecognized.

The Cuban Congress must be made to understand that circumstances alter cases. It is persistently rumored that it plans to increase the customs duties in order to overcome the revenue effect of the new reciprocity treaty. Such an evidence of bad faith would be shocking; well might this country invite the world to behold how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child. An increase in tariff taxes is all right under some circumstances, but strong meat must not be given to babes. Let the new republic follow our example. It took us a long time to reach our present tariff schedules. Our physique is now inured to violent changes of this sort, but we can only view with alarm a similar policy on the part of Cuba. The new republic, having food and raiment, should be therewith content. Ingratitude is certainly a marble-hearted fiend, yet Cuba is within her rights if she raises her duties. The reciprocity treaty insures us an advantage over other nations; and so long as our relative position is not disturbed we have only sentimental ground for complaint. If reciprocity is going to reduce Cuban revenues, it is natural for the republic to ask how it can make good the loss. The average duty in the present tariff is less than 25 per cent., which should make good Americans smile. Why, this ridiculously low figure is of itself sufficient ground for increasing the duties without an instant's delay.

The real difference between a Tammany and a civilized government is well illustrated by Mr. McClellan's appointment of George E. Best as Bridge Commissioner. Mr. Lindenthal, Mr. Low's appointee, had had thirty-one years of practical experience, both as a railroad and a bridge engineer. He had, moreover, studied at the Vienna Polytechnic, and was a member of the London Institute of Civil Engineers, the similar Canadian society, and of the American Society of Civil Engineers, as well as many others of a similar professional character. Mr. Best is a subservient tool of "Boss" Murphy, and a Tammany heeler who has hitherto obtained only such small jobs from Tammany that no one in the organization even dreamed of his getting so important an office. It is needless to say that he has had no technical training whatever, and is therefore manifestly unfit for the very important position for which he has been chosen. Finally, Mr. Best is universally regarded as a creature of the street-railway companies—he at present holds a small position with a private contracting company. Since there are questions of vital importance to the traffic development of the city pressing for settlement, the Manhattan companies wish to be in a strong position in their dealings with the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company in regard to bridge railway service. And, then, for what did the companies contribute to the Tammany campaign fund? Apparently, Mr. McClellan has purchased the McAdoo appointment by a surrender of other nominations to Mr. Murphy.

In Mr. McAdoo the Mayor-elect has selected a police commissioner much above the ordinary Tammany type. If he was only an average assistant secretary of the navy, he has, since his removal to this city, had a large law practice and been the head of some important undertakings. He refused to follow Bryan in the latter's disastrous campaigns, and remained with the Gold Democrats at a time when to do so seemed to threaten political extinction. In so far as his record goes, this appointment is, for Tammany, a very good one. It is only necessary to recall some of the former Wigwam commissioners, such as Sexton, Martin, Murphy, and "Barney" York, to prove that Mr. McClellan has aimed higher. The rumors that Timothy Sullivan and his gang are very much displeased with the appointment are also creditable to both Mr. McClellan and Mr. McAdoo. But the real test of the latter will come after he has taken office. Today he uses very fair words, promising that his department shall be "honestly and cleanly administered" "for the best government of this great community."

The attempt of previous witnesses in the investigation now going on to throw a large part of the blame for the Shipbuilding outcome on Mr. Schwab, is vigorously contested by him. He has just filed a cross bill denying in general and in particular all the allegations of fraud and conspiracy made by the complainants in the suit for the Shipbuilding Company's receivership. He read the prospectus and believed in it with childlike faith. Who ever heard of a prospectus that was not absolutely truthful? But if everybody concerned in the Shipbuilding deal was actuated by the highest motives and pursued the most business-like methods, how does it happen that the completed whole strikes every one as neither reputable nor business-like? Obviously, somebody has blundered—if not morally, then mental-

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ly. Possibly the Shipbuilding collapse represents nothing more than a mere mathematical inadvertence—a failure to perceive that six ciphers will not make one unit.

A strong sense of humor has always been considered an American trait. Mr. Daniel J. Sully, however, does not think so, or else he is entirely without it himself. This bull cotton manipulator has started a "campaign of education." He wants the spinners of the United States to subscribe $250,000 to make the American press and people see the reasonableness of permanently high-priced cotton. It is not hard to see why Mr. Sully should want this view to be widely accepted; and that he should go systematically to work to inculcate it is not surprising. But when a person undertakes to educate the public by "write-ups" and "coöperative advertising" and "authoritative personal interviews," he usually tries to conceal his hand. None of us supposes that Mr. Sully is bulling cotton for "his health." His position is that of the celebrated divine who, when he was asked what he went around the country lecturing for, replied, "f. a. m. e.—fifty and my expenses." In a word, Mr. Sully is a little too eager to educate the American people; this scheme to "salt down" his alleged $10,000,000 profits in cotton is just the thing to excite their humor. He should broaden his scope. For not only must he show the people of this country the advantages of buying cotton cloths for which they have no money to pay, but he must also perform the same service for the Chinese and other foreigners. Then, too, he must teach the mill owners that there is a profit in piling up goods for which there is no sale. But, above all, it is necessary to make foreign nations see that it would be very foolish to enlarge the culture of cotton. Certainly, no educator ever undertook a more delicate task.

The "unionized funeral" threatens to be the funeral of unionism. If the walking delegates have the courage of their logic, there is no reason why they should not proceed from a union driver to a union-made hearse and coffin, union-grown flowers, and a union-dug grave; and finally they will insist on substituting for the extreme unction of the Church the sacred union label. Having thus laid hold, so to speak, on eternity, the unions should find it easy to seize all temporalities and unionize every act of life, from the first cry that opens the lungs to the dying gasp. The only difficulty with the present programme is that it is almost too complete. In its prescription of a formula for all activity, it gives us a foretaste of the iron regimen of socialism; and for this last step we Americans seem unprepared. We still cling fondly to the old notion of doing a few things for ourselves in our own way. Union pies may be better for body and soul, but we perversely long for those "like mother used to make." The procession headed by the union banner is a magnificent spectacle, but many of us had rather go our own easy gait than join the inexorable lockstep. Some of the enthusiastic marchers, too, seem to weary of the pace, and feel that they are dragging the ball and chain. Frederick W. Job of Chicago, secretary of the Employers' Association, declares that membership in the labor unions in Chicago has fallen off 30 per cent.; and even those who may dispute the exactness of his figures and charge him with prejudice, must admit that the slackening of trade is decimating the unions. The walking delegates who have been setting up their little kingdoms, are learning the truth of Mirabeau's dictum, that a *fureur de gouverner* is the worst malady of states.

One glaring defect of our international copyright law is the provision compelling "simultaneous publication" even for books in foreign languages, or for translations of them into English. The hardship which this works in the case of Continental authors is obvious. They are forced to decide in advance whether their writings may count upon such a sale in this country as to warrant separate printing and publishing here; while if they do not authorize and copyright a translation immediately, they are exposed to pirating. To remedy these undoubted evils an amendment of the law has been urged upon Congress. It is in these terms:

"Whenever the author or proprietor of a book in a foreign language, which shall be published in a foreign country before the day of publication in this country, or his executors, administrators or assigns, shall, within twelve months after the first publication of such book in a foreign country, obtain a copyright for a translation of such book in the English language, which shall be the first copyright in this country for a translation of such book, he and they shall have, during the term of such copyright, the sole liberty of printing, reprinting, publishing, vending, translating and dramatizing the said book, and, in the case of a dramatic composition, of publicly performing the same, or of causing it to be performed or represented by others."

The urgent need of enacting such an amendment is argued with much force by Mr. George H. Putnam in the *Critic*. It is in the interest not only of fair play, but of the privileges of our own authors, since the annoyance caused German writers, for example, has been such that their Government has seriously thought of abrogating their literary convention with the United States. The simple change required in the law ought to be had without fail. The bill has been favorably reported by the Senate committee. It should have the active support of all to whom fair dealing in international literary matters is a real concern.

The dismissal of four more German army officers because of the revelations in Lieut. Bilse's book, 'In a Little Garrison,' shows again that the author is not being punished because his book gave an inaccurate picture of army life. But the Minister of War is evidently trying to live up to his promise that there shall be no more such garrisons in the service. In all probability there are but few, yet the code of morals under which they flourish extends throughout the army, and is responsible for a vast deal of misconduct. If it is impossible to keep Anglo-Saxons in barracks and have them saints, it is all the more difficult to keep young Teutons in order when they think themselves, because of their uniforms, of a higher order of society than any civilians, and not bound by the moral laws which apply to ordinary mortals. What the German army is suffering from is merely what must happen to any troops when their officers are made demigods and overlords, when they may kill at leisure any one who displeases, and go practically unpunished. What is needed is to make the army feel that it is the servant of the German people, and not that the nation exists for its benefit. The remedies are obvious. They could be put into operation at once by the Emperor, but that commander-in-chief's influence has thus far merely strengthened the caste feeling and the abominable military code which are a direct inheritance from the Middle Ages.

The Dreyfus affair is, fortunately, to be continued on a strictly judicial basis. For a time the admission of an appeal was the cause of bitter criticism. It was feared that the order for revision quashed all the proceedings of the Rennes tribunal, and left Dreyfus eligible for immediate restoration to his rank as captain. Such an act would have aroused the ugliest passions among the Nationalists. As the matter now stands, the case will be reviewed by the criminal branch of the Court of Appeals, probably a new court-martial will follow, and Dreyfus will stand or fall by the result of the new verdict. Sensational revelations of perjury and forgery at Rennes are to be expected, for the Commission would never have reopened the case because of merely technical irregularities in the previous finding. Meanwhile, the old verdict stands. All those who have followed the affair will agree with the very French comment of the critic Anatole France, who welcomes the new trial because he feels that so famous a case should end with something of tragic dignity and completeness. The Rennes court-martial and the subsequent pardon afforded a dénouement, he avers, of bourgeois ineptitude. It may be said, therefore, that it is a case in which æsthetics and substantial justice are in singular accord.

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AN HONORABLE WAY OUT.

As the Panama case stands to-day, nobody is satisfied. The canal itself is indefinitely halted. If a new face is not soon put upon the project, the Administration will have to confront endless delays as well as a long and bitterly partisan struggle, with alienated supporters. Colombia, of course, is vastly discontented with the situation. Her latest proposals show that she is more than ready to accept any reasonable and honorable compromise. She wants the canal. So do the people of Panama. So do we. Yet the whole thing seems deadlocked. Is there no way out, at once agreeable to all concerned, and in harmony with law and good morals? We believe there is.

A promising point of departure may be found in the pending treaty with Panama. The second clause of Article xxiv. reads:

> "If the Republic of Panama shall hereafter enter as a constituent into any other Government, or into any union or confederation of States, so as to merge her sovereignty or independence in such Government, the rights of the United States under this convention shall not be in any respect lessened or impaired."

On that pivot, we think, a fresh negotiation could be made to turn. The canal could be secured and even hastened. Colombia's honor could be salved. The good name of the United States could be left beyond reproach.

What would be necessary? Simply that the people of Panama, with their full consent, should be merged again in the sovereignty of Colombia; and that the latter, of her own motion, should validate all the acts of Panama during her brief existence as an independent republic, including the ratification of the canal treaty. Then the net result would be a treaty before the United States Senate to which there would be no legal or moral objection, and of which the speedy acceptance would start the dredges on the Isthmus more quickly than persistence along present lines possibly could. That is what all parties profess to want. Yet from it they are all debarred, as matters are. Why should there not be a reconsideration and readjustment? Sound and enlightened statesmanship could surely find a way.

There are some signs that a new move is possible or even contemplated. Gen. Reyes would not have stayed in Washington so long, we imagine, nor have striven so successfully to induce the Colombians to be patient and keep quiet, if he were merely preparing a formal protest or planning to put in a pitiful bill for damages. Larger aims must have been in his mind; and what they are the *Evening Post's* Washington correspondent has hinted in his report of the new Colombian proposals. These are, in effect, not only to let bygones be bygones, but to make new and highly advantageous offers which would result in our getting the canal more speedily and more honorably than by the side wind of a dubious Panama republic. All that Colombia asks is a restoration of her territorial integrity. That this could be accomplished with the consent of the people of Panama, provided that they saw their greatly desired canal furthered thereby, there can be little doubt. They are a mixture of races; they have already confessed that they are afraid of their own army; they betray no symptom of real nationality. By themselves, they would give endless trouble, and would soon clamor for annexation. Every sensible American would prefer to see Colombia take them again.

President Roosevelt has more than once shown that he is not above acting on a second thought. He cannot be satisfied with the present posture of the affair. We do not mean politically—the effect of the whole thing on his renomination and election we put one side; but no man of his breeding and temper can be happy in the knowledge that an ill-considered step of his has affronted the best sentiment of his party. A college man himself, it cannot be a matter of indifference to him that academic judgment is so strongly against his Panama policy. He turned his back on Addicks when he found what a shock his dallying with that corruptionist had given to his warmest admirers; and why should he not seek now to demonstrate that he knows how to respond to a moral appeal? Besides, his favorite doctrine of efficiency and promptitude could be best exemplified in such a rearrangement as has been suggested.

We heartily desire an Isthmian canal. We favored the Panama route at a time when nearly the whole press was caught in the snare of Nicaragua. It was, accordingly, a great disappointment to us that improper and illegal methods employed to expedite the canal compelled us to oppose the Administration's plan. If the President, however, will now adopt measures to do away with the legal and moral difficulties which we have felt so deeply, it is needless to say that we should hail so auspicious an event.

MR. SCHURZ ON THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

McClure's Magazine for January contains a paper of great historical value, and also of deep present-day significance, from the pen of Carl Schurz. It begins by recalling and explaining the report on conditions in the Southern States which Mr. Schurz submitted to President Johnson in 1865. This had particular reference to the outlook for the freedmen. Pursuing wide inquiries with the utmost impartiality and patience and open-mindedness, Mr. Schurz was compelled to come to the conclusion that there was grave danger of practical re-enslavement of the negroes. His able report on the subject had much to do at the time with shaping Northern sentiment and, later, leading to legislation by Congress. We have at hand, and are permitted to print, an unpublished letter written by the late John M. Forbes of Boston, which is strong contemporary testimony on this point:

> "BOSTON, Feb. 12, 1866.
> "E. L. GODKIN, Esq.
> "MY DEAR SIR:
> "The *Nation* has again begun to reach me, as did a note from you some days since about the Jamaica warning.
> "Thanks to the President's policy, which has encouraged the enemy to show the cloven foot, we need no old precedent to train us. The South are already bettering the example set them by the planters; and they are doubtless ready any day to repeat the atrocities of the latest Jamaica fashions!
> "Owing to my pre-occupation, and to missing some numbers, I do not know how far you have used Carl Schurz's report. If not already done, would not a review of it with liberal extracts be useful, in keeping before the public mind the dangers of re-enslavement under the various forms which the slave drivers are so very ingenious in inventing? If they can contrive any way by which each poor white can own, or control for insufficient wages, the labor of one or two negroes, I really don't see but the original paradise of the Southerners may be realized without reopening the African slave trade; and if so, the condition of the negro will be ten times worse than if owned in a more patriarchal fashion by richer masters, who had less temptation to grind him than the poor whites would have.
> "Very truly yours,
> "J. M. FORBES."

When on his tour of inspection in 1865, Mr. Schurz encountered again and again that mixture of condescension and impatience with which we are so familiar at the hands of Southerners. He was a Northerner; therefore he could not possibly understand. They smiled at him in a pitying way when he maintained that free negroes would work. "The negro can never be got to work except under physical compulsion." That was the fundamental truth which Southerners laid down at the close of the war. They knew. They had lived with the negro for generations. Northerners might think they knew negro nature, but they were falling into a huge mistake. It was of no use to protest against the new statutes and cunning devices which aimed at making the negro a slave again, for the South had a vast amount of work to be done, and "physical compulsion" was the only way to make the negroes do it. How forty years of great crops with free labor have given the lie to that confident assumption! The result ought to diminish a little that patronizing certainty of knowing it all with which Southerners to-day forbid us of the North to discuss matters of which we must be, in the nature of the case, wholly ignorant.

One thing which Mr. Schurz's report, and his comments on it, make perfectly clear is that Congress felt itself absolutely compelled to grant the suffrage to the negro. This was no rash measure of vengeance; nothing in the nature of a penalty. It was a necessity—disagree-

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able, but a necessity. In no other way could a weapon of self-defence be placed in the hands of the ex-slaves. Freed by the nation, they were in peril of being made serfs again by the several States. Hence the duty, plain and urgent, as it seemed at the time, of pressing on and giving the freedman the freeman's buckler against oppression—the right to vote. In bringing out as he does the facts and motives operative at the time, Mr. Schurz goes far towards disposing of current misconceptions and unfounded charges.

His analysis of existing conditions and tendencies in the South is one to which the South itself and the entire nation should give heed. Mr. Schurz clearly perceives a dangerous drift. Pro-slavery ideas are again asserting themselves. The movement to extinguish the negro's political rights is unconcealed. By craftily devised and inequitable laws the suffrage is taken from him. With all this go naturally the desire and purpose to keep him forever "alongside the mule." Negro education is looked upon with increasing hostility. Every door of hope opening into the professions is slammed in the face of black men merely because they are black. The South works itself up into hysterics over the President's spontaneous recognition of manhood under a black skin. While philanthropists and teachers are laboring to raise the negro to the full level of citizenship, an open and determined effort is making at the South to thrust him back into serfdom. As Mr. Schurz says, the issue is upon the country, for one tendency or the other must prevail.

It is his view of the great urgency of the juncture which leads him to address a moving appeal to the South's best. He implores its leading men to bestir themselves to prevent the lamentable injustice which is threatened and partly executed. By withstanding the mob, by upholding the law; by ridding themselves of the silly dread of "social equality"; by contending for negro education of the broadest sort; by hailing every step upward which the black men may take; by insisting upon the equality of all men before the law, they can, Mr. Schurz argues forcibly, do much to save the South and the country from the disgrace and calamity of a new slavery. To this plea every humane patriot will add his voice. We, for our part, have never failed to second such appeals to the better South, and shall note every response with delight. But, indirectly, Mr. Schurz's paper is also a challenge to the mind and conscience of the North. Unless they, too, respond, the cause of the negro—which to-day is the cause of simple justice—will languish and die.

JAPAN AND RUSSIA.

The present extreme tension in the Far East is directly traceable to the brilliant Japanese successes of 1894-5. When the fleet of China had been destroyed and her troops swept irresistibly out of the Mantchurian seaboard, the real impotence of the Celestial Empire was demonstrated. Formerly a superstition and a mystery had measurably protected China. Now it appeared as easy to win an empire in the north as it had been for France to take Tonkin by default in the south. But the Japanese, having made this useful demonstration, were not allowed to profit by it. Formosa was the only actual conquest left to them by the Concert of Europe, though the recognition of the independence of Korea left the Japanese free to establish there a sphere of influence if they could.

Japan was not only checked, but humiliated. She saw the period of leaseholds begin. Russia established herself in Port Arthur, to capture which Japan had spent blood and treasure; England claimed the "second-rate watering place," Wei-hai-wei; across the gulf in Shantung, German trading stations became virtually colonies. Japan had shown the way to the partition of China, but had not been allowed to benefit by her dear-bought discovery. She still suffers under that war debt and under the expense of administering Formosa. All this constitutes a real grievance, which is felt from the throne to the people, and makes the entire nation most sensitive to the suspicion of new aggression. And such aggression has not been lacking. At several points the Russians have set up trading posts beyond the Yalu; secret overtures have been made to win the court at Seul, while, latterly, Russia has asserted an equal influence with Japan in Korea. On that issue the Japanese seem bound to fight, and they would the more hopefully enter upon a war for their preponderance in Korea since the relief expedition of July, 1900, left the comparison between the Japanese and Russian contingents decidedly in favor of the Japanese. The hope of a peaceful solution, then, lies chiefly in some whittling down of the Russian demands. Japan might be willing to give Russia full recognition in Mantchuria. That territory is Russian beyond dispute; but she will oppose Russian pretensions in Korea to the last cartridge and the last ditch.

The certainty that Great Britain has made representations favorable to Japan at St. Petersburg, and the well-grounded belief that the Kaiser has promised the Czar neutrality of the most benevolent kind, show that a war in the Far East might have very serious European complications. But this is, of course, a reason for the war not coming off. It ought to be, and perhaps it will be, as possible for the Powers of Europe to keep Russia out of Korea as it was in 1895 to force Japan back from Mantchuria. Something, then, is to be hoped from the friendly offices of the European Powers and more, perhaps, from the fact that Russia would now fight at a relative disadvantage. Time is making her hold on Mantchuria secure. Colonization is reinforcing military occupation. Troops are being crowded into the Chinese leaseholds. In fine, Russia will for many years improve her military position in the Far East, whereas the fighting force of Japan is probably very near its maximum to-day. So if it were merely a matter of meeting Russia, Japan would be forced to fight now or to surrender abjectly all her continental ambitions whenever the sacrifice should be exacted.

If the Japanese choose to postpone the crisis it will be in view of remote eventualities, such as the internal disintegration of the Russian Empire, or some possible rehabilitation of China. These are rather vaticinations, perhaps, than serious motives for diplomacy; but it is obvious that if Japan could maintain a foothold in Korea, she might become the residuary legatee of all Mongolian possessions of a crumbling Russia, while the development of military strength in China might force Russia to be content with things as they are. Here is a very interesting subject of speculation. It may not be generally known that ever since the Chinese war a Japanese propaganda has been conducted in Northern China—in part military, in part commercial. There is to-day a nucleus of about three brigades of Chinese soldiers trained by Japanese officers, which would be by no means a negligible quantity in case of war, for it is a real army, not a mandarin's escort or a Boxer horde. The military potentiality of China is, indeed, far greater than that of Russia in the Far East, and Japan may have better means of hastening the actuality than are generally realized.

But we regard it as unlikely that these incommensurable considerations will weigh heavily in the present balance. The alternative is plain: Russia must choose between fighting now, or withdrawing, for the moment, at least, all claims to Korea. Japan seems anxious to avoid war, understanding perfectly that Russia is virtually invulnerable; but if she accepts terms of any kind to-day it must be understood as meaning that she has satisfactory assurance of future support from China and probably from Great Britain. The conflict itself seems inevitable. The Russian advance is an instinctive racial movement which no Emperor and no bureaucracy can arrest. It may be the great misfortune of Japan to oppose this advance single-handed. But it is also an opportunity for heroism. Nobody knows better than the enlightened statesmen at Tokio that to defend Korea against Russia is to provide, at best, a Marathon in the interest of all the rivals of the Slav.

Most people have not sufficiently considered what war between Russia and

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Japan would mean. It would speedily become a matter of the gravest economic importance. The contingencies would be such that almost every civilized nation would realize that it had much at stake. Upon international finance, for example, the effect would be watched with anxiety by the industrial interests of two hemispheres. The smallest manufacturing town in the United States might be greatly affected by changing monetary conditions. The possible dislocation of markets for commodities would be another serious question. Would the rise in the price of wheat offset the decline in cotton? While the hostilities lasted, would the exports of our cotton mill products, like those of Lancashire, continue to decrease? And there might be cause for concern regarding our large oil exports to the East. Then there is the question of our new treaty with China, whose enforcement might be made much more difficult by war. But above and beyond all questions affecting the immediate future is that of the permanent destiny of China. Certainly, a partition of the Empire would be likely to have lasting economic consequences. The trade policy of the entire world might have to undergo radical transformation. On the other hand, if China should emerge from the war with a determination to modernize herself, the effect would be equally striking.

SOME COLLEGE SALARIES.

College salaries are discussed by a writer in the December issue of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*. He reviews the treasurer's statement of 1856-57, when the president received $2,500. Some of the professors, among them Benjamin Peirce, C. C. Felton, Joseph Lovering, Francis James Child, H. W. Torrey, Francis Bowen, and G. M. Lane, had $2,200; James Russell Lowell, Smith professor of the French and Spanish languages and literatures, and professor of *belles-lettres*, $1,200; and Charles William Eliot, tutor in mathematics, $645. Passing from the past to the present, the writer roundly asserts that salaries to-day are relatively smaller; for "the best paid professors receive only $5,000 a year at the culmination of their career, while some of them have $3,500, and the majority range from $4,000 to $4,500. Now, the maximum, $5,000, is not equivalent in purchasing power to the $2,200 which the leading professors of 1856 found all too little."

The question is then raised whether, in a time of rapid increase of wealth, it is not ominous that the professor should "be singled out to receive no proportionate share in the general gain"; whether the fact that he is "presumably doing what he prefers" should entail on him such a pecuniary sacrifice; whether in an age which gives its chief prizes to professional experts, it is not paradoxical that college professors—"who are themselves experts, and who train the lawyers, doctors, engineers, electricians, and other leaders in practical affairs"—should be held as of less relative value to the community than a generation ago; and whether, in short, "compulsory plain living" may not in time "produce a race of professors incapable of high thinking." The writer in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* answers his questions in asking them. He does not hope for a realization of Professor Münsterberg's "Oriental dream of Harvard professors receiving a salary of $25,000," but he thinks a considerable increase in pay necessary unless the first-rate men in professors' chairs are to be replaced by "second-rate men of routine, who are sometimes cheap at any price."

The cry which goes up from Harvard will be echoed from every college in the United States. Our professors are as a class underpaid. In some of the institutions of the South and West the maximum of $1,200 to $1,500 is so ridiculously small that often second or third-rate men will not accept it. The only salvation of these colleges is to secure bright young men and trust to their local attachment and their inertia to hold them. In New England, however, the conditions are not yet actually painful. Yale pays as high as $3,750, Brown $3,000, and Dartmouth, Williams, and Amherst, situated in country towns, range somewhat lower. As Brown is in a city of 175,000, where rents are fairly high, the pay there is perhaps relatively less than in the three country colleges. But in all these places reasonably frugal families manage to lead a tolerable existence. It is true that successful doctors, lawyers, and engineers in Boston, Providence, and New Haven are earning more than twice as much as the professors; but it is not true, therefore, that professors' salaries should, as some maintain, be forthwith doubled. An addition of $1,000 to $1,500 in every college from Harvard down would provide a suitable livelihood, and would probably attract the ablest men. For the best college professor is he who is willing to renounce money prizes for the larger returns of his calling if only he have enough to live in decency and comfort.

He has compensations which the income of a railway president cannot buy. He is removed from the ordinary risks of business and the worry that attends them; he has the long vacation, during which he can follow his writing or his researches, unvexed by the daily routine of classes; or he can often quicken his mind by travel. These obvious and immediate advantages are the reward of no other profession, unless it be that of independent author or scientist, whose pay surely does not average much higher than that of the college teacher. Besides, if he be in love with his work, he gets out of it a pleasure that makes anything above living expenses a secondary consideration.

There are two other rewards that are moral rather than intellectual. In our leading colleges the teachers are not the slaves of sect or party. They can think what they please, and, within the bounds of sanity, say what they think. If they have outgrown their early creeds in politics or religion, they are not forced to juggle with language or conscience; to declare that the obvious meaning of their utterances is not the real meaning; or to persuade themselves that they believe what they know in their hearts is a lie. These privileges, even to men whose moral senses are not keen, are worth much money. And, as we all live for the next generation, professors can rear their children in the choicest society in America, where there is a wholesome atmosphere of simplicity of life, reverence for the lessons of the past, and intellectual honesty. This is no mean bequest to posterity. There may be some risk of isolation and dry scholasticism, but there is less danger of surrender in *la guerre immortelle contre le pédant et le provincial* than in the outside struggle against those who declare—like the Irish priest—that they are well enough without learning; that without it the fish are caught and the potatoes grow, and men can do all that man wants—eat, drink, and sleep. If men have the true mettle, they will fight the better on a moderate salary, free from heavy social duties, despising luxury.

PEACE TAUGHT BY HISTORY.

Here is a new method for teaching the principles of arbitration. A young French professor has just discovered it. Instead of writing articles or delivering speeches on the absurdities and the horrors of war, expatiating on commonplaces which meet with little or no contradiction among sane adults, he has written a text-book of general history for children, 'Histoire de la France et de l'Europe,' with the sub-title, 'The Teaching of Peace through History.' This professor is not unknown to those who have followed recent events in France. His name is Gustave Hervé. He hails from Brittany, intellectually the most backward province of France. Two years ago he was teaching history in the lycée at Sens, near Paris. He was a successful teacher, beloved by his pupils and favorably looked upon by his chiefs. Suddenly his name became associated in the public prints with the most unpopular political doctrine—internationalism. M. Hervé has a strong dislike for all the follies of a boisterous and braggart patriotism. He hates war and despises militarism. One day, apropos of the celebration by a local regiment of the anniversary of the battle of Wagram, he wrote in a little Socialist paper of Sens an article that aroused violent indignation throughout France. In order to strike the imagination of the peasants of

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Champagne, he recited some of the horrors of that most barbarous and useless slaughter at Wagram, as related in the memoirs of Marbot, and concluded by saying that "a fitting commemoration for such a deed could be celebrated only by planting the flag of the regiment in a heap of manure in front of the barracks."

This expression, M. Hervé willingly admitted, was not in the best of taste. It was carefully picked out of the article, published in all the papers, and its author branded as a criminal. Two courts in succession tried M. Hervé: the Court of Assizes of Yonne acquitted him, but the Superior Council of Public Instruction, by a vote of 38 to 13, dismissed him temporarily from the service of the University of France. M. Hervé used his enforced leisure to continue his propaganda. The other day he was prosecuted again for attacking the army, and again acquitted. And now here is his text-book. It is not written in the style of the article on the battle of Wagram. There is throughout the book, in spite of the strong anti-Catholic, anti-militarist, and even Socialistic spirit, a serious attempt at impartiality. The main object of the author has been, through his presentation of facts, to teach children not merely to detest all wars of conquest, whoever may wage them, but to understand the real solidarity that binds together men of all races and all nationalities. Moreover, he has given preference to facts that are most interesting to a twentieth-century reader above the useless chronicle of obscure and tedious events. The contemporary period claims almost half the book, while only 80 pages out of nearly 500 are given to the Middle Ages.

All the wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, of Francis I., Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV., are summed up in ten pages. M. Hervé's estimate of these kings is rather severe: "Except Henry IV., who was an intelligent and well-meaning sovereign, they were very ordinary men either intellectually or morally; morally, some of them were much below the average." Their wars, which have been studied in minute detail by generations of schoolboys, are ascribed merely to a desire for aggrandizement and for military glory, a legacy of barbarous ages when "brute force was universally admired." The author dwells on the most cruel and odious sides of these wars, pointing out their disastrous effects on the people, who had to pay the expense whether victorious or defeated, and who suffered meanwhile by the devastation of their fields. But they had still worse results. After enumerating all the evils that followed Louis XIV.'s passion for conquest, including several invasions of the country by foreign armies, he concludes: "Our account of these wars would be incomplete if we did not recall that they kept up in our country and in neighboring countries a hatred of foreigners, the worship of brute force and military glory, and thus caused many other wars even after the passing away of the old régime."

The Napoleonic wars were a good field for an historian desiring to teach the necessity of peace. M. Hervé has made the best of his opportunity. A short chapter of thirteen pages covers the whole ground. Never in any text-book did the Napoleonic legend receive a harder blow. A reproduction of Verestchagin's famous painting—a heap of skulls over which fly vultures, with the inscription "Vive l'Empereur!"—opens the chapter. When it comes to the recital of these wars, no time is wasted in admiring the tactics of the generals or the bravery of the soldiers. The author dwells mainly on the many scenes of savagery which dishonored those campaigns. At Genoa, in 1800, Austrian prisoners were left without food and had to eat the leather of their shoes and belts. During the war of 1805 in Austria some of the wounded soldiers sought refuge in a little town that caught fire. Marbot tells us that thousands of the poor fellows were left imprisoned in the burning buildings; they had to crawl out of the houses, and could be seen lying half-burnt in the streets, some of them still breathing. Such scenes detract somewhat from the romance of war, and M. Hervé does not fail to make use of them. At the same time the resistance to the rule of Napoleon on the part of the nations of Europe, the patriotic upheavals, receive from M. Hervé the same praise as the patriotism of the French volunteers of 1792.

Last year M. Urbain Gohier, another pamphleteer of the anti-militarist school, travelling through the United States, was surprised at the many signs of what appeared to be Napoleon's popularity in this country; and in his interesting book, 'Le Peuple du XXme Siècle,' he expresses his amazement that so many Americans should worship a man who, besides "being the greatest bandit in history," "had not even the merit of being an athlete." M. Hervé would doubtless attribute this to a bad choice of text-books in American schools. He has taken pains not to leave any doubt as to the opinion the reader ought to have of the "Corsican adventurer." While relating without hesitation the reasons why so many Frenchmen still admire Napoleon, both as the soldier of the Revolution and the great general who added glory to the French name, he sums up in a few lines the reasons of those who curse "his bloody and deadly work": "Four million men killed on the battlefield; national hatreds that were to perpetuate themselves and bring about fresh hostilities; the Declaration of the Rights of man hated, and justly hated, by all humanity."

Most eloquent of all is the chapter in which the author figures up the tremendous losses to the industry and commerce of European nations caused by the régime of armed peace; England paying 50 per cent. of her whole budget, France 59 per cent., Italy 64 per cent., and Spain 70 per cent. to those unproductive expenses. To this he adds four million young men taken away from peaceful pursuits and wasting the most precious years of their lives in the idleness of the barracks, where they contract habits of drunkenness and debauchery that spoil the good qualities they bring from their shops and farms. These evils, which fall mainly upon the poor people, will in time bring about a new era, when arbitration will settle the disputes of nations as it has come to settle the disputes of individuals. M. Hervé enumerates for his young readers all the signs that point to this new order of things. The motto is no longer "Si vis pacem, para bellum," but, "If you want peace, prepare for peace." M. Hervé has found a good way to prepare for peace.

WHISTLER EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON.

LONDON, December 20, 1903.

Since that wonderful show of Whistler's pictures at Goupil's in 1892—the show that first forced the English public to accept him, not as the mere charlatan they thought him, but as the great artist he was—there has been no representative exhibition of his work in London. The International Society, of which he was the president (only yesterday M. Rodin was elected his successor), naturally always reserved for him the centre of honor and as much space as he was willing to cover; on two occasions getting together extraordinarily fine groups of his recent and earlier paintings, and once filling a room with some of his etchings which had never been exhibited before. In the various galleries, a chance picture or print now and then found a place, and the Fine Arts Society, some few years ago, made a separate exhibition of his lithographs. It possibly was too soon to repeat the experiment of 1892, and, besides, during his last years Whistler seemed unwilling to allow his more important work, as he finished it, to leave the studio, sending instead, even to the new Salon, his smaller paintings and drawings. This was why an idea got abroad that he had no longer the energy or power to attempt a large canvas, though during this period, as the few admitted into his studio knew, he painted several large full-length portraits that eventually will rank with the "Mother" in the Luxembourg, the "Carlyle," the "Rosa Corder," the "Miss Alexander." After his death it was hoped the time had come for a complete exhibition of his life's work—one that would as completely surpass the Goupil show as that had outrivalled all previous attempts. But as yet, while the Copley Society is preparing for just such an exhibition in Boston, nothing of the kind seems to have been undertaken in London. And now it begins to look as if even the opportunity had been lost, partly because already many things that might help to make one great collection have been scattered in various smaller shows, partly because many others are being secured by enterprising collectors from abroad, chiefly from America, until, presently, there will be none left in Great Britain to exhibit.

Ever since the galleries have been opening this autumn, Whistlers in greater or less numbers have been given a prominent place on their walls. A portrait—unfinished, one he probably would never himself have permitted the public to see in its present condition—now hangs in the annual exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters, of which he was a member; the "Miss Alexander," in the midst of a series of smaller works, is on view at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. As I write, an invitation comes from the Goupil Gallery, where the pastels and prints bought by its manager the other day at the Hôtel Drouot in Paris are to be the chief feature of the new show. It is announced that several of his pictures will be included in the winter exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh, of which he was an honorary member. After the first of the year, the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers—

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his society—will open their exhibition in the New Gallery, London; and though as yet they have made no announcement—that is, so far as Whistler is concerned—they can scarcely let the occasion pass without doing something in his honor. But still, whatever they may do or may want to do, it will not be easy for them to prepare a more exhaustive representation of his etchings than has been made by the two unusually fine collections now hanging in two different galleries. At Messrs. Obach's in Bond Street, is the Cox collection from Scotland; at the Leicester Gallery, the collection of Mr. Mortimer Menpes, who, wisely for his own sake, waited to display his treasures until it could be done without fear of Whistler's criticisms or comments.

Mr. Menpes's prints have, in a way, attracted the more attention. No one knows better than Mr. Menpes how not to hide his light under a bushel. His show has been well announced and widely advertised. It was preceded by an article in one of the art magazines, in which Mr. Menpes explained how he had helped to ground the plates and buy the paper, how he had stood by the printing-press, how, in a word, he might be said "to have seen the whole thing through." Besides, once his prints were on the walls at the Leicester Gallery, there could be no question that Mr. Menpes had managed to become the possessor of a rare collection. In point of numbers alone it is notable, though in this respect it does not quite equal the Avery collection in the Lenox Library, while it is very much smaller than the collection shown at Messrs. Wunderlich's not many months ago. Nor, in the quality of the prints, can it compare with either of these. But then, it contains many "unique" impressions, and is therefore of supreme interest to the collector who values a work of art according to the difficulty he has in getting it and the price he has to pay for it, and who here finds his chance. But the point of view of the artist is another matter. He looks for beauty or perfection, where the collector prizes only rarity or expensiveness. Whistler never catered to the caprices of the collector in the fashion of some young etchers of the new generation who are making themselves so precious today that in all likelihood they will be forgotten to-morrow. He had too much respect for his own work to destroy it wantonly for the sake of giving it a fictitious value. It is true, some of his plates were defaced after an edition or a certain number of prints were pulled. But then, the number was fairly large. He did not deliberately manufacture "unique" proofs and "unique" states. When these exist, it may be taken for granted that they are "unique" solely because Whistler was not sufficiently satisfied with what he got out of the plate to keep it either at all, or else without working on it. It is in just such examples that Mr. Menpes's collection is richest. The portrait of "Whistler's Mother" and "The Model Lying Down," both dry-points, are, the catalogue says, the only impressions known to be in existence, though I am told by those who pay more attention to such details than I, that in the case of the "Mother" the statement is not true. Of course, the print is of interest, if only for the sake of comparing it with the portrait in the Luxembourg. In the dry-point, the figure is standing and the full face is shown. There is tenderness and charm in both the pose and the expression. But it must be confessed that the plate does not approach the perfection of some of the etched portraits — the "Annie Haden," Whistler himself, "Maude," or a dozen others. You can understand Whistler's not going on with it. You feel that even this proof might not be on the walls now had he been able to prevent it; and so with all the few single impressions of a lost or destroyed plate that have somehow survived.

With the "unique" state, it is another matter. When several states and trial proofs of the same plate are shown—though the great etcher would probably never have shown them himself—the student can follow the master's gradual approach to perfection, and note the method by which he obtained it. People have had a way of saying of Whistler that he knew just what he wanted in a plate, and so could get it. He did know, yes. But though he knew, though he got it in the end, it was often not without enormous trouble and endless hard work; and the trouble, the infinite pains he did take will be a revelation to all those who, fancying that an etching or a painting was dashed off by him anyhow, have had a chance to study the collection at the Leicester Gallery. There are more states than I have ever seen before of such plates as "Speke Hall," "Maude," "Under Old Battersea Bridge," "Irving as Philip of Spain"—to mention perhaps the most notable. And it is these "states" and proofs—even if a few are curiously unsuggestive of Whistler—that give Mr. Menpes's collection its importance. Many of the prints from the better-known plates, those of the Venetian set particularly, are so poor that one wonders if they were not thrown aside by Whistler himself as worthless.

At Messrs. Obach's the interest is rather in a collection of unusually fine impressions arranged in such a manner that justice can best be done to them. Though the exhibition, now on the point of closing, was not to last altogether much more than six weeks, if that long, the walls have been specially hung in the white and yellow scheme that originated with Whistler. The yellow is a trifle shrill and sharp; it needs a month or two more of London smoke and London dirt to bring it into tone. But, even so, the endeavor to obtain the decorative unity as essential in an exhibition gallery as in a picture, gives the distinction the work deserves. And here, though the collector has also had his chance, the pleasure for the artist has been greater. The impressions have been chosen evidently for their beauty rather than for their rarity. There are wonderful examples of all the more important series—the early French set, the Thames set, the Venetian, the Dutch, the Naval Review. Many plates are represented in two or three different states, and there is little, if anything, that one feels Whistler would not have approved. There are also lesser known prints: for instance, from the very small Windsor and Chelsea plates—"Where she lives and where I live"—that decorated the now famous Memorial Whistler sent to Queen Victoria in honor of her Jubilee in 1887, when he was President of the Society of British Artists. But the great pleasure in this gallery is less in seeing what has not been seen before than in seeing again, perhaps better than ever, the great beauty of Whistler's etchings, their endless variety, their endless life, their endless charm. It is impossible now to go into minute descriptions of any individual prints, but what I want particularly to point out is the probably unrivalled opportunity that has been given by these two exhibitions to learn how much he did in etching and how incomparably well he did it. The only series not represented in either gallery is the later Paris series; but whether these plates were ever printed, or rather whether they were ever finished after the first trial proofs were pulled, I cannot as yet say.

The misfortune is that because the prints were for sale, the two shows have interfered disastrously with that one great representative exhibition which ought to be held in London as the most fitting memorial of the artist. When they close, the prints will be scattered far and wide, collectors and dealers having come from all over the world to compete for them. Not even at the British Museum is there anything like such a comprehensive series; and even if there were, it would be of no use to the organizers of the desired exhibition, who, should the occasion arise, would have difficulty enough to get together a complete collection, if indeed they did not find it impossible. Prices, too, have increased enormously, reaching what must surely, for a while, be their highest limit, and so the probability of prints being brought back to Great Britain is small for many years to come. Indeed, before long they will be no easier to get than the pictures, which are rapidly leaving the country. Already the "Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine," bought from the Scotch collector, Mr. Burrell, for five thousand pounds, has followed the "Rosa Corder" to America, and now it is stated that, an offer of eight or ten thousand proving irresistible, "The Fur Jacket," owned by the same collector, is also to be sent across the Atlantic. No sooner was the one picture at the Hôtel Drouot sale purchased by the manager of the Goupil Gallery than it was telegraphed for and secured by an American. Perhaps this is all as it should be. While France and America, and even Scotland, were securing Whistlers for their public collections, England made no effort—is even now making no effort. In the end, Whistler, feeling the insult keenly, expressed his hope that nothing of his would ever hang in an English national collection. It looks as if his hope would be realized. But though this may be as he would have had it, the pity is that artists and students should not be given the chance of seeing a perfect collection of his work before it is too late. The curious part of it has been to note how, for the last months, England has been saying what a good friend, but proving what a comic-opera enemy, she always was and still remains to Whistler.

N. N.

THE HOUSE OF VICTOR HUGO.

PARIS, September 11, 1903.

Toward the end of the year 1901, while France was preparing to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of Victor Hugo's birth, M. Paul Meurice wrote a letter to the Conseil Municipal of Paris, opening with

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the following words: "England has the House of Shakspeare at Stratford-on-Avon, Germany has the House of Goethe at Frankfort. In the name of Hugo's grandchildren and in my own, I offer to the city of Paris the House of Victor Hugo."

M. Paul Meurice is a most devoted admirer of the great poet. As a college friend of August Vacquerie, whose brother was to marry the daughter of Hugo, he was introduced to the latter's house, and never did his sincere admiration weaken for one moment. He remained true to him through good and hard times, never missing an opportunity to render service, even at his own peril. In 1870, when Hugo came back to Paris from his twenty years' exile, it was M. Meurice's hospitality that he accepted for several months during the siege of the city. But it was after 1885, the date of Hugo's death, that the devotion of his excellent friend manifested itself in the most remarkable way, for he gave up his own literary career in order to foster among his countrymen what has been sometimes called Hugolatry. An easy task it was not; for, during the years that immediately followed, a strong reaction set in against Hugo's popularity. So extreme and harsh were the criticisms uttered, and with such persistence, often by very able judges, that for a while it looked as if the Titanic writer were to be brought down to the level of such men as Paul de Kock, or at best of the elder Dumas. M. Meurice was for fifteen years the most untiring agent of a final triumph; the newly inaugurated House of Victor Hugo is a victory for himself as well as for the idol he incensed.

The official opening of the House was a little *fête intime*. Only about five hundred people could be invited on account of the lack of room. The French Academy was represented by five delegates; a great many artists of the Théâtre-Français were there, headed by their dean, M. Mounet-Sully; the Society of Dramatic Authors, the Society of Gens de Lettres, and many other associations sent their presidents. The few survivors of the family of Victor Hugo all attended: Jeanne Hugo (to-day Madame Jean Charcot) and Georges Hugo—the two grandchildren immortalized in the poems of 'L'Art d'être Grand-père'—and Monsieur and Madame Lockroy. (Madame Lockroy was first the wife of Charles Hugo, who died in 1871; she is the mother of Jeanne and Georges. She married a second time, in Brussels, but went to Paris with her family. The Lockroys lived next door to Victor Hugo on the Avenue d'Eylau—to-day Avenue Victor Hugo.) M. Meurice officially presented the House of Victor Hugo to the mayor of Paris, M. Deville, who made a short speech of thanks to the founder and his friends in the name of the city. A delightful address by Jules Claretie, a former friend of the poet, closed the ceremony.

Not many men of letters have had a life so full and so agitated as Victor Hugo. Not only did he spend in exile nearly twenty years of it, but even in Paris he lived a rather wandering life. He occupied in succession a good many houses, and it was a question to decide upon one of them for the purpose in view. The residence in the Place des Vosges is in every way a very happy selection. Hugo remained in it for fifteen years, from 1833 to 1848. He had just carried to victory, with "Hernani" and "Marion Delorme," his revolution in the dramatic art of his country. He was only thirty-one years of age, and in a position now to give his full measure. It was there that he wrote his dramas "Marie Tudor," "Angelo," "Ruy Blas," "Les Burgraves"; the lyric poems of 'Les Chants du Crépuscule,' 'Les Voix Intérieures,' 'Les Rayons et les Ombres,' and some of the best of 'Les Contemplations.' There he manifested for the first time his strong interest in social questions, starting, under the title 'Le Manuscrit de l'Évêque,' the book which later became 'Les Misérables.' There he wrote his famous protest against capital punishment, the history of 'Claude Gueux'; and from there he set forth one night to call on the King in order to obtain the pardon of Barbès, the revolutionary leader who had been sentenced to death. There he knew, undisturbed for years, the charms of family life—sorrow came later, it is true, in 1843, when his favorite daughter was drowned with her husband in the terrible catastrophe of Villequier. There fame visited him day after day; in 1841 he was elected a member of the French Academy, in 1845 a Peer of France, and in 1848 a member of the Assemblée Constituante. Add to all this the sweetness of solid friendship. His old co-fighter in the cause of Romanticism, Charles Nodier, the charming story-teller, lived in the Arsenal very near by; the enthusiastic Théophile Gautier came to occupy the corner house of the Place so as to see Victor Hugo's window and contemplate every morning "the sun rise." The great actress Rachel also chose her dwelling near the great dramatist's. To enumerate all the illustrious visitors who called at this house would be tedious. Let us add only that Hugo had the rare privilege of seeing the youngest of the young generation of those days approach him as a master they did not think of turning down, but of following—among others Banville, Baudelaire, and Leconte de Lisle. Some of his friends, it is true, followed other paths later. He saw, for instance, one evening in his drawing-room the future Empress Eugénie, who was then a girl rehearsing the choruses of "La Esmeralda." He could not then imagine that, through her marriage with Napoleon III., this young beauty was to become his most bitter enemy.

The Place des Vosges itself, where the house is situated, is full of interesting reminiscences for the hunter of archæological curiosities. Its construction takes us back to the days of Henri IV. The plan was laid out in 1604. The houses enclose the square altogether, access to the interior being through passages in the middle of two sides, under houses a little higher than the others. A covered gallery, like that of the Palais Royal, runs all around the court. It was for a time the "quartier à la mode" of Paris, the Faubourg Saint-Germain of the seventeenth century. Some of the most illustrious families of France lived there, the Rohans, the Rotrous, the Guémenés. The immediate neighborhood was inhabited by such people as Turenne, Condé, Madame de Longueville, De Thou, and Richelieu himself, after he had offered the Palais Royal to the King. The house of Hugo was then, according to tradition, the residence of the famous courtesan, Marion de Lorme, the heroine of the first drama he wrote for the stage. Some famous duels were fought in the Place des Vosges, among others that between Bussy and Montmorency-Bouteville; the first was killed in the rencontre. the second was beheaded for having disregarded the decree of Richelieu forbidding duelling. The original name was "Place Royale," but the Revolution unchristened it, and called it in turn "Place des Fédérés," "Place de l'Indivisibilité," and "Place des Vosges."

Let us now enter the house. Although Victor Hugo occupied only the third story, the whole building was deemed necessary to store the treasures of the diligent collectors. The concierge lives in the rez-de-chaussée, and the visitor is at once directed to the second floor. The staircase, wide and well lighted, is adorned with theatre posters of the most sensational *premières*, with a few amusing pictures recording some episode of the poet's life, and with caricatures, most of which sport with his forehead of legendary size. Midway between the first and second floors, a beautiful bas-relief, by H. Cros, with very sober coloring, shows the poet riding Pegasus to the Heaven of Fame.

The first room of the second floor is a vestibule, rather dark, with a few pieces of furniture, some engravings, and sculptures. The chief curiosity is an original cupboard, said to be the work of Hugo himself. The truth is, that he merely adjusted different pieces of old furniture, putting them together in the form of a cupboard that opens in such a way as to become at need a tea-table. The second room is reserved especially for paintings—some very good, some, it must be acknowledged, mediocre—inspired by Hugo's novels, dramas, or poetry. The most remarkable are a "Fantine," by Carrière, illustrating the passage in 'Les Misérables,' "Elle a tout ressenti, tout supporté, tout éprouvé, tout perdu, tout pleuré . . ."; a very impressive illustration of a chapter in 'Notre Dame de Paris,' "Une larme pour une goutte d'eau," by Luc Olivier Merson—Esmeralda offering a drink to Quasimodo in the pillory; Henner's well-known "Sarah la baigneuse":

> "Sarah belle d'indolence
> Se balance";

Rochegrosse's "Scène des Burgraves"; and Fournier's final episode of "Hernani." On the whole, the collection of engravings—those of Chifflart, Grasset, or Frémiet, for instance—seems superior to the oil paintings. A few of the pictures represent scenes in Victor Hugo's career. The "Première d'Hernani," by Besnard, has been specially admired. If the "Défilé du 26 février 1881" (Hugo's eightieth birthday) by Raffaëlli can hardly be said to be beautiful, Roll's "Veillée à l'Arc de Triomphe," on the stormy night preceding the funeral, produces a magnificent effect. In the same room are the busts of Hugo by Rodin, Dalou, and David d'Angers. The last-mentioned occupies the place of honor; it was made in 1838 when the poet was still a youthful-looking man, and, as David himself says (I believe in his 'Correspondance'), when the lower part of his face had not yet taken on such a sensuous development. Against the pedestal one beholds a huge wreath of laurels bearing these words: "À la maison de Victor Hugo, la maison de Shakespeare." It was sent for the inauguration.

Back of the *salle des portraits* is the library; but although profusely described by some reporters, the books are not yet there. On the third floor are also three rooms. In

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the first we become acquainted with Hugo as a draughtsman. Most people knew that he was fond of drawing; that his manuscripts were interspersed with rather original sketches; that he liked to show to his children what marvels could be made by extending and slightly modifying an image produced at hazard by a spot of ink thrown upon a sheet of paper. But how much he had drawn, and how really artistic and powerful some of his compositions are, could be revealed alone by the rich exhibition now made accessible to his admirers. Of course, he was in this part of his activity as well as in his literary career attracted by grand, dark or quaint subjects. Grimacing faces, formidable castles of the Middle Ages, strike one as the preferred topics of his pen—he hardly ever used a pencil in drawing.

Hugo enjoyed planning the interior of a house, inventing pieces of furniture, arranging those he had to his own taste, designing frames, etc. Probably the most elaborate composition he ever attempted in this line is seen in the next room, which is a reproduction, with the original objects, of a Japanese (Hugoish Japanese) hall, to be used as a drawing-room by Madame Drouet, his famous friend at Guernsey. The complete set was bought from M. Koch, the nephew of Madame Drouet, and now the curator of the Hugo House. The visitor will do well, while in this room, to forget for one moment all Japanese art, and listen to what the walls behind may whisper in his ear. This was the spot where the poet was for years the object of a veritable worship on the part of his disciples and friends. The Romanticists met there every evening. On spring and summer nights crowds gathered in the square below, just to catch an occasional glimpse of *the* man, when after dinner Hugo came out on the balcony (removed many years ago) to breathe the fresh air. And the people on the street could think of no higher bliss than that of the people inside, who, it was mysteriously hinted, were allowed, night after night, to kiss devotedly the hand of their god, gravely sitting during this ceremony in a large armchair, placed under a huge canopy.

From the salon one passes into a rather small cabinet reproducing the study and bedroom in which Hugo lived and died, in the Avenue d'Eylau. It had been furnished by himself. One notices especially a large bed of dark wood with four columns supporting a canopy, his armchair, a high bureau in which he kept his manuscripts, and, above all, the desk at which he wrote standing, early in the morning and until his daily task was completed. He never had time to think of anything else but his inspiration while he was writing. Whenever a page was filled, he would throw it on the floor over his shoulder, and at once start a new sheet. In the evening the floor was strewn with papers, and then he picked them up, classified them, and entered them in the different compartments of his bureau. This is the sanctuary of the House; here, more than anywhere else, in this workshop of his ideas and meditations, one feels the hovering presence of the dead.

The top floor contains a host of intimate souvenirs, such as the casts of Hugo's hand in 1832, in 1848, and in 1885. Elsewhere, in a vitrine, his "habit d'Académicien," his uniform as a Peer of France, and his "caban," which he wore during the siege of Paris as a member of the National Guard. At another place, again, a piece of the little dress of Jeanne, the child that was drowned at Villequier, and so forth. A quantity of bric-à-brac testifies to the popularity of Hugo with the masses—little busts and portraits for the houses of the poor, mostly extremely ugly; cheap pictures of sensational scenes from his novels; and, finally, the innumerable little things bearing an image or only the name of Hugo as an advertisement—pipes, cigars, matchboxes, chocolate, shirt collars, studs, calendars, embroideries, writing-paper, postal cards, ink bottles, wine bottles, soap, candies, medals, buttons, etc., etc.

The only concession made to the popular taste is this bric-à-brac room. Everything else has been so disposed as not to hurt the æsthetic feelings of any one. Edmond Rostand was the first to be shown through the House by M. Meurice, and had only very flattering words for all concerned; and Octave Mirbeau, the pitiless and sarcastic slasher of all that savors of commonplace or mediocrity, could not help saying, when leaving on the day of the inauguration: "Vraiment, c'est tout-à-fait bien!" Moreover, visitors of any description or from any country will find in the museum something that appeals to them in some special way. Let us take the example of an American tourist: he will see in one room a portrait of Lincoln, with these words written in the late President's own hand: "A. Lincoln to Victor Hugo." Elsewhere he will notice one of the most striking of Hugo's pen sketches—a man hanging from the gibbet in the dark night; below, the word *Ecce.* It represents John Brown, whom Victor Hugo admired very much (most people know the letter he wrote on hearing of his death). Again, an American citizen will undoubtedly feel proud when he approaches the desk in the mortuary room. Near the pen and inkstand of Hugo he will behold the following sample of the poet's energetic handwriting, which is at the same time a testimony of his admiration for the example set to the world by the United States:

"Je représente un parti qui n'existe pas encore, le parti Révolution-civilisation. Ce parti fera le 20° siècle. Il en sortira d'abord les États-Unis de l'Europe, puis les États-Unis du monde."

There is one great originality about the House of Victor Hugo which ought to be emphasized. In other museums of this kind all that can be offered to the curiosity of the public is only, or chiefly, objects concerning the social man—the man of our conventional world. Not so here. Hugo attempted during his whole life to apply his genius to other pursuits than literature; he tried to be a carpenter, a sculptor, a draughtsman, a painter, an architect; and the exhibition of his achievements in these various fields offers to us the very rare opportunity to see what a man of high attainments, who had trained himself to be a writer, could do when he applied himself to other artistic activities. Of course, the praises recently heaped upon him by the press were often exaggerated. If one were to believe them, Hugo would have been as great an architect or a painter as he was a poet. This is not true, as it would be easy to show. But the interesting fact to observe is the extremely close relationship manifested by the ideas and methods of Hugo the writer and Hugo the artist in other domains. No one who visits the new museum can fail to be struck by this remarkable feature.

ALBERT SCHINZ.

Correspondence.

MISGOVERNMENT IN HAWAII.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps some of your readers will be interested in the enclosed clipping from "the oldest newspaper west of the Rockies" (the *Friend*, published at Honolulu, for December, 1903), which gives in very graphic language the result of American government in Hawaii.—Yours truly,

HIRAM BINGHAM.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., December 21, 1903.

"Of the appalling state of our last Legislature—of the theft, robbery, graft and wholesale larceny of which they all, with but a few personal exceptions, were guilty; of the dishonesty of its members of all ranks; of the manner in which the slightest services were paid for at twice, thrice, and four times their value, and money abstracted from the public till on no pretext at all—our Federal Grand Jury has given us a splendid (though for the community a sorry) account. Space will not permit us here even to summarize their findings. Suffice it to say that the annals of no municipal government of the mainland can show a page more dark than that writ by the men we sent to make our laws and spend the money they held in trust for the community. It is a great pity that the Federal Court cannot mete out justice to these, for we had as well present them with their liberty as try them before such juries as the Territorial courts are producing at present.

"Look at the Jones murder trial! Every white man is, on one technicality or another, to be excused, and Jones to be tried by a jury as incompetent to try the simplest case as a class from kindergarten. On their verdict he will be set free, or the prediction of every thinking man in Honolulu will prove untrue. Such is trial by jury in Hawaii!"

OUTNUMBERING THE SAINTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the discussion going on in Congress and in the press with regard to the qualifications and eligibility of Reed Smoot, a Senator from Utah, the following letter, signed by the then Governor of the Territory, his secretary, and the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, should have some interest for those who are giving the Mormon question careful thought and study. At the time mentioned, Judge Doolittle was a United States Senator from Wisconsin.

DUANE MOWRY.

December 21, 1903.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH T'Y,
4 Dec., 1865.

HON. JAMES R. DOOLITTLE:

DEAR SIR: Mr. Ashley, the Chairman of the House Committee on Territories, informed us recently that he introduced a bill at the last session of Congress, which would soon be passed, providing for annexing to Nevada a strip ½ degree in width on the west side of Utah.

Although the boundary has never been surveyed, we are satisfied from recent investigations that such partition would give to Nevada the rich mining district recently discovered in the S. Western portion of this T'y.

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It is generally conceded that the proper and peaceful solution of the Mormon problem consists in introducing, by the development of our mineral resources, a population of "Gentiles" who will ultimately outnumber the "Saints." In view of this fact, it would probably delay for some time the salvation of the Territory, should the bill referred to become a law. There is little doubt that a large population of miners will, during the coming year, locate in that region; in fact, the influx is already considerable.

The delegate from this T'y will probably favor, or at least not object to, the passage of the bill. The Mormons wish as few outsiders among them as possible.

For the reasons suggested, we earnestly trust the bill may be withdrawn.

May we trouble you to give this matter your personal attention? We regard it as very important that no such partition be made.

Your ob't Serv'ts,

CHARLES DURKEE,
AMOS REED,
F. H. HEAD.

TRANSLATIONS OF ISOCRATES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The 'New International Encyclopædia,' under the head of Isocrates, has the following statement concerning his orations and epistles: "They have never been translated into English, and would probably be intolerably dull in any but their Greek dress." As bearing upon the latter statement, it is certain that there are at least two translations into French, one into German, and one into Italian, not to speak of partial renderings. All of the orations were turned into Italian as early as 1555, and all the epistles into French by 1558, while Leopardi, in the last century, did not disdain to translate the first three orations (in his 'Operette Morali'). In English, beginning with Sir Thomas Elyot's 'Doctrinal of Princes,' 1534—a version of the oration to Nicocles—there are several of one or more orations, among the more conspicuous being Gillies's rendering of six (with Lysias), in 1778. Not to speak of the first volume of a Bohn translation, which appeared in 1894, the book which lies before me as I write constitutes a striking refutation of the former statement above; this is 'The Orations and Epistles of Isocrates. Translated from the Greek by Mr. Joshua Dinsdale, and Revised by the Rev. Mr. Young' (London, 1752).

The extent to which Isocrates was studied in the sixteenth century may be inferred from various sentences in Ascham's 'Scholemaster,' with Mayor's notes upon them; and that the choice was not wholly undeserved may be gathered from such a passage as this from the beginning of the 'Panegyricus,' which hardly deserves to be characterized as "intolerably dull," however few there be that accept the doctrine:

"I have often wondered that those who have made popular assemblies, and appointed public games, should have so greatly rewarded the excellency and good habit of the body, but paid no honors to such as, in a private capacity, consulted the happiness of the state, and so prepared their minds that they became an universal benefit to their commonwealths; of whom, certainly, a far greater account ought to have been made by republics and kingdoms. For were combatants twice as strong in body as they are, no advantage would redound by it to others; but if one man perfects his mind by philosophy, all that are willing may be benefited by his knowledge and prudence."

Perhaps, too, in the present posture of our national affairs, the following, from the oration to Nicocles, may be thought not wholly undeserving of consideration:

"Emulate not those who have the greatest kingdoms, but who govern best their own states. Believe me, you will not be the happier though you should be able to subject all mankind by fear and terror, but by being such as you ought. . . . Examine always carefully your words and actions, that you may fall into as few errors as possible. It is one of the greatest difficulties to seize the critical point of opportunity; but when the uncertainty is great, be cautious, rather than by boldness overshoot the mark."

This, after all, is only a counsel to avoid such excesses as Thucydides (III. 82) reprehends, when he says: "Reckless daring was held to be loyal courage; prudent delay was the excuse of a coward; moderation was the disguise of unmanly weakness. . . . Frantic energy was the true quality of a man."

In conclusion, is it not fair to ask whether the editors of an encyclopædia which aims to deserve public confidence should entrust so important a name as that of Isocrates to a hack-writer?—for surely no scholar could have made so palpable a blunder as that noted above. The article in the 'Britannica' was written by Jebb, and that in 'Johnson's Cyclopædia' by Gildersleeve.

ALBERT S. COOK.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., December 18, 1903.

THE PLACE OF HERBERT SPENCER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The writer of the article on Herbert Spencer in your last issue praised the great thinker more, perhaps, than he intended, when he rested his claims on the more philosophical portion of his writings, as set forth in 'First Principles.' Students of the Synthetic Philosophy who find in it a basis of belief which unifies the material universe with "the mind of man," or binds each to each in close moral compact, are content with any pronouncement of Mr. Spencer's work and quality as a thinker which emphasizes the philosophical import of his writings; for the current opinion, among the learned and unlearned, runs the other way. "Evolution may describe the method of the world's physical growth, or of its social development, but it cannot be used as a key to unlock the higher mysteries of soul and being."

Mr. Spencer never forged a key to unlock mysteries, high or low. He was content to let mystery remain mystery, well knowing its healing and uplifting influence. His attitude here was as reverential as it was brave. Part I. of 'First Principles' has served all the purposes of a religious tract to many minds dispossessed of older, more mechanical conceptions of the universe, but eager to read the signs of a constructive order of things, still at work, capable of arousing new ideals of faith and moral devotion. The disciple of Spencer, if so damaging a phrase may be permitted, will cheerfully submit to see the 'Biology' and 'Psychology' shelved—books which have never had more than a secondary interest for him. He cares not so much for the mass of scientific data gathered here and in the 'Sociology,' to substantiate a few leading principles, as for the principles themselves. Here, also, the current opinion runs the other way, and more blindly; the assumption being an easy one, that the founder of a scientific philosophy must himself be a scientist. Mr. Spencer had a high claim here, but in his writings he appears only as a collaborator of widest range and classification. It would be no disrespect to say this even were it not with the wish to emphasize claims of a higher order.

But even "philosopher" is not the highest term of praise. Far sooner than as the author of any abstract system would Mr. Spencer choose to be remembered as the apostle of "that old English ideal of individual liberty" which you praise, which he saw jeopardized in the socialistic tendencies of these later times. That Mr. Spencer judged these tendencies rather narrowly, forgetting his own law of spiral progression, which includes the backward as well as forward movement, was quite manifest; but in an age of eager, rash experiment and impulsive acceptance of every new social nostrum, we needed and shall cherish that example of moral conviction and unswerving devotion to an ideal which Herbert Spencer has left us.

The "Philosophy of Individualism" has not an alluring sound. It recalls the harsh inductions and bleak logic of Bentham and the elder Mill, the correct but dreary results worked out in the dry light of intellect in their disciple, John Stuart Mill—a pitiful example of human precocity to the end of his days. When some of these old prepossessions have worn away, and old and new fears have been dismissed, we shall return to the reading of 'First Principles,' the 'Data of Ethics,' and some of the Essays, to surprise ourselves with the treasures of pure sentiment, lofty faith, even of human interest and affection, we find there.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

CHICAGO, December 21, 1903.

"THROUGH."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your reviewer quotes with approval some stanzas from Miss Josephine Preston Peabody's "The Singing Leaves," beginning with the lines—

"I have so many things to do,
I don't know when I shall be through."

I am no philologist, and I should like to know where the word "through" got this meaning of "finished." The ordinary vocabulary of the ordinary person derives, I suppose, chiefly from the conversation of his family circle, with accretions from his general reading. From either source I confess that this use of the word is, to me, unknown. Can any of your readers refer me to an example taken from a recognized master of the English language?

Yours faithfully,

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

TORONTO, December 22, 1903.

[Miss Peabody's child verse would manifestly have been out of keeping if she had not employed colloquialisms like the familiar one animadverted upon by our correspondent. Compare "The door is *to*," "The lights are *out*," "Is the lady of the house *in*?"—ED. NATION.]

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Notes.

The Macmillan Company will publish Mr. W. B. Yeats's 'The Hour-Glass, and Other Poems,' in January. In the same month they will issue the first number of the *British Engraver*, a quarterly magazine of original work—etching, lithograph, woodcut, copperplate; and they are to be henceforth the American publishers of the *Burlington Magazine*. The November number of the *Burlington*, by the way, contains the usual variety of articles and illustrations. Mr. Berenson continues his study of that nearly unknown Sienese painter, Sassetta; Arthur Morrison writes of the Japanese artist, Kikuchi Yosai; and Mr. Pennell argues the unapproachable greatness of Whistler as etcher and lithographer; while there are articles by other writers on eighteenth-century drinking-glasses, tinder-boxes, ancient weapons of the chase, etc. An anonymous article on an exhibition of English portraits of the eighteenth century in the Birmingham Art Gallery furnishes the plates most likely to be generally relished, Hoppner's portrait of Mrs. Jordan as Hippolyta being especially delightful.

It really seems poky in the *Almanach de Gotha* for 1904 (New York: Lemcke & Buechner), to write as its editor does, on November 14, of "the independent State of Panama at this moment in process of formation." At that date it had already been recognized by our Government and hurried into treaty-making. In the appendix, newspaper reports are perforce relied upon for the personnel of the provisional Government of the *soi-disant* republic. Genuine enterprise is manifested, under the rubric *China*, in printing a greatly amplified and authoritative exhibition of the imperial house and central government, of subject lands, etc. In rehearsing the political changes of the year, what hideousness is covered up in the line: "In Servia, the house of Obrenovitch, now extinct, has been replaced by that of Karageorgevitch." Servia's new king furnishes one of the four regulation portraits of the *Almanach*, along with the King of Saxony, President Diaz, and Pius X. But for fear of offending Southern susceptibilities, we should say that the Pope bears a certain resemblance to Booker Washington, from whom he probably does not greatly differ in color.

Another "institution," *Whitaker's Almanack* (London: J. Whitaker & Sons), appears for the 36th time, for 1904, with sundry new features—large allotment of space to the burning fiscal question; a tabular history of the National Debt; a political history of the world in 1902-3. A younger companion volume is *Whitaker's Peerage*, now in its eighth issue and equally handy in its narrower line. Consider only its "index to seats and residences of persons cited in this work." This had to be curtailed in order to keep down the size of the annual, swelled by "the enormous flow of new creation"; and all but a few of the honorary knights have, for the same reason, been omitted. The *Almanach de Gotha* retrenches (but not wholly to save space) its list of princely families. When the title has been acquired abroad, it must hereafter be certified by the home government to insure the family's admission to the élite society of the *Almanach*.

In the third edition of their translation of Michel's 'Rembrandt,' the Scribners have managed, by cutting down margins and by using a slightly smaller type and eliminating leads, to get all the matter, both text and illustrations, of the first edition into one volume of smaller size and of about 500 pages. Indeed, this edition contains more than all the matter of the first. It is said, in a note, to contain "the author's latest corrections," a statement which we have not been able to verify. It also contains nine full-page illustrations which were present in the French edition and were eliminated from the English edition in obedience to what we can only call a whim of the editor, Mr. Wedmore. These nine seem to be but a part of the omitted illustrations, and there may be better reasons for the omission of some of the others; yet several of these are among the strangest and therefore most characteristic of Rembrandt's fancies, while one of them (the so-called Danaë) is perhaps his most successful attempt at the nude. This cheaper edition is therefore, to some extent, better worth having than the more expensive one.

Messrs. Scribner import the first two out of the six volumes which are to constitute a new edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's 'History of Painting in Italy.' We reserve for a future occasion a discussion of this monumental work, its effect upon art study since its appearance more than a generation ago, and the value it still retains. Here we express the hope that the editing of the remaining volumes will be less hasty than in the two before us. The editors' notes, thus far, besides being unduly disfigured by misprints, often tend to confuse rather than to illumine a text whose merits are seldom clearness and precision. Many of the annotations are veiled polemics. The photographic illustrations measure some of the distance travelled since the appearance of the first edition, with its outline engravings after the originals.

Mr. Adrian H. Joline, already pleasantly known to us as the author of a chatty volume on autograph-collecting, comes now before the public with 'The Diversions of a Book-Lover' (Harpers), full of lively talk about books and the whims and oddities of bookmen. Of the many anecdotes it contains, we can find room for but one: "Some years ago," says this author, "I brought over from Denmark an illuminated musical manuscript of the fourteenth century which was literally bound in boards, the wooden covers fully half an inch thick, and the book studded with iron nails. The intelligent Custom House person who greets us hospitably upon our return home, sagely classed it as 'old furniture,' imposing duties accordingly, the amount whereof I ultimately succeeded in recovering from our free and enlightened Government, much to my astonishment." Mr. Joline predicts that "the unfortunates who write notices" will pronounce his work "slight" or "heavy." One humble member of that class has not found it either.

'On the Road with a Circus,' by W. C. Thompson (New York: Isaac Goldmann Co.) gives, from a showman's point of view, a lively account of the manifold working details of that huge business enterprise, a modern circus. One sees with surprise how elaborately the coming of the show to each town is prepared for weeks ahead by a long series of advance agents, and how exactly and minutely the crowded routine of a day's performance is ordered. The difficulties of handling and transporting an army of employees and animals and a huge outfit of appliances have been so well met by the best circuses that army officers, both in the United States and in Europe, have studied the methods in use. Many of Mr. Thompson's details are picturesque, showing as they do the daily life of the circus, and he also gives a medley of entertaining anecdotes and reminiscences.

'Christian Faith in an Age of Science,' by William North Rice (Armstrong), is a sincere and calm statement by a learned orthodox professor of geology at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. The author accepts the results of scientific investigation as to the age of the earth and as to the evolution of organic forms, man included; he does not demand the literal acceptance of most of the Bible miracles, but he holds fast to the miracle of the resurrection as an essential proof of the divine nature of Christ's teaching, and insists that, but for belief in this miracle, the Christian religion would not have been established. Readers less orthodox than the author will be tempted to draw a sharper distinction than he does between the absolute verity of this essential miracle and the sincere belief in its verity by early Christians. Psychologists will perhaps consider the retention of belief in the essential miracle due as much to early association and the mental habit of the author as to his examination of the Biblical record as presented in the latter part of his book. The work is, however, of interest, as showing the position held to-day by a representative member of a conservative denomination. Comparison of it with earlier productions of the same class inevitably raises the question: Will this progress in liberalization halt at the stage now reached by Professor Rice?

American scholarship occupies no inconspicuous place in Professor Saintsbury's 'Loci Critici: Passages Illustrative of Critical Theory and Practice from Aristotle Downwards' (Boston: Ginn & Co.); and it is, in fact, partly to the suggestion of Professor Gayley of California that the book owes its existence. But though Professor Saintsbury and his American adviser have perhaps exaggerated the academic demand for such a text-book of critical passages, most of them fragmentary and dislocated from their context, no slight service has been rendered to a wider audience in thus furnishing in English dress a selection of the significant critical *loci* from Aristotle to Matthew Arnold. British insularity alone can account for the exclusion of all but English critics during the nineteenth century; and even earlier, the selection does not always represent the European trend of critical thought. Petrarch, Erasmus, and Voltaire, each in his age the intellectual arbiter of Europe, nowhere appear, and in the case of Voltaire at least the omission is inexcusable. Boileau and Lessing are each represented by a page of brief selections, receiving less space than either Shenstone or Hurd. The Italian critics of the sixteenth century, the French and Spanish of the seventeenth, and the German of the eighteenth appear in a few fragmentary and disjointed passages, which (regardless of the question whether their importance might merit longer treatment)

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scarcely give any adequate conception of their point of view. In rendering classical and foreign selections, Professor Saintsbury has in almost all cases been his own translator, but it is an open question whether his rugged literalness justifies the attempt. A more catholic taste and a narrower range of selection, with the exclusion of all but long citations from the great masterworks of criticism, might have made this interesting compilation more serviceable and more suggestive as an academic manual.

In this connection, a brief paper by the well-known Italian critic, Benedetto Croce, "Per la Storia della Critica e Storiografia Letteraria" (Naples: Tessitore), read before the Accademia Pontaniana, may be recommended as illustrating that consistency in the point of view which may be looked for in vain in Professor Saintsbury's treatment of critical problems. Signor Croce conceives the history of criticism to be the "history of concrete critical production, considered according to the relation of assistance or obstruction which is given it from age to age, both by the state of philosophic theories and by that of erudition and taste." Such a history is naturally divided into three parts—the first treating of the vicissitudes and of the progress of the critical attitude or method in general, the second of the particular results thus attained, and the third of the organization of these results and their construction into literary history proper. This is illustrated by an outline of the history of criticism, with special reference to the nineteenth century, which is replete with suggestiveness. A similar but more extended outline had been given by the illustrious De Sanctis in a course before the University of Naples, 'Storia della Critica da Aristotile ad Hegel,' over half a century ago. The MS. from which the lectures were delivered has recently been discovered, and it is to be hoped will soon be given to the world.

The plates in parts 11 to 14 of 'Hundert Meister der Gegenwart in Farbiger Wiedergabe' (Leipzig: E. A. Seeman; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) are not so uniformly gaudy in color as those in some of the earlier numbers, and one or two or them have some interest and dignity of design; but these numbers do not, generally speaking, rise far above the average of the publication, which we have not been able to praise.

The leading position which Germany is rapidly taking in the commercial world is strikingly shown in the Consular Reports for December. While the articles relating to Great Britain and France number fourteen and fifteen respectively, there are forty-two reports and notes about German trade, industries, inventions, and scientific experiments. The most valuable of these is by Consul-General Mason of Berlin on potato cultivation. To what a height of perfection this has attained can be realized from the fact that the yield per acre in 1901 was 217.68 bushels, in the United States 65.5, the totals being in round numbers two billion bushels in Germany, two hundred million in this country. This success is due largely to the fact that the crop is not grown from seed raised in the same locality, but from places radically different in condition. The intelligent farmer "rarely plants seed potatoes from his own fields, but exchanges with his neighbor or obtains new varieties from the experiment station. . . . Potatoes grown on high hill slopes are brought down and planted in valleys; the product of heavy, wet land is planted in light, dry soils; the growth of sandy fields is the best seed for loam or moorland, and vice versa. Potatoes brought from Scotland have produced some of the largest and best crops ever grown in Germany." Attention is drawn to the destruction of the rubber forests in Brazil, which, on account of the high prices, it is expected "this year will be beyond all precedent—enormous and irreparable"; and to the establishment in 1902 of an industrial school in the French Sudan for the purpose of teaching the natives the best methods of rubber culture. There have been more than 150 pupils, and good results are already shown in the new plantations and in the preservation of the old vines and trees through intelligent ways of collecting the juice.

Two articles of unusual interest on mountaineering in Alaska have lately appeared, both by members of the United States Geological Survey. One, by A. H. Brooks, gives an account of explorations around Mt. McKinley, "America's highest mountain" (*Journal of Geography*, ii., 1903, 441-469); the other, by W. C. Mendenhall, describes the Wrangell Mountains (*National Geographic Magazine*, xiv., 1903, 395-407). Both articles are well illustrated, showing the scenery to be of the finest order. Travelling is difficult from the lack of trails through forested lowlands, from the number of large rivers, from the extensive snowfields and glaciers on the higher slopes, and from the plague of mosquitoes and flies. The ascent of Mt. Wrangell is "earnestly recommended" to our mountaineering clubs. The natives of the region are naturally astonished at the white invader, who is feared for his numbers and his ability, but who is past all understanding. His restless search for gold or other useless stuff, his abundance of all greatly desired things—clothing, food, guns, tobacco—his curious doctrines about right and wrong, and property and work, altogether make the white man quite beyond native comprehension.

The Sierra Club Bulletin (San Francisco) likewise contains articles of interest to mountain climbers. The outings of the Sierra Club are doing much to make the attractions of the southern Sierra Nevada known to Californians, although climbers from the Eastern States as yet know little of that rocky wilderness of peaks and cañons. A party of nearly fifty men and women made the ascent of Mt. Brewer, 13,886 feet, in the summer of 1902.

The Geological Survey of New Jersey has just issued four revised sheets of its State Atlas (scale of one inch to the mile). They are approximately of a dimension two by two and a half feet, and so embrace some 700 square miles. Dwellers in the metropolitan district will appreciate sheet No. 26, which takes in nearly all of New York city, with part of Brooklyn, all of Staten Island, and the adjacent country as far north as Yonkers and Paterson, and west as Short Hills. The other sheets are No. 27, the lake region, from Hopatcong to Port Jervis; No. 24, the Delaware River section from Frenchtown to Belvidere; and No. 27, the Trenton corner, with a bye-map for that city and its environs.

The American Women's Table at Anton Dohrn's Zoölogical Station at Naples is again open for appointments to scholarships. Application blanks and information as to living expenses, etc., may be obtained by candidates for 1904 from the Secretary, Cornelia M. Clapp, Mt. Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass., before March 1.

—'Hohenzollerns and Heroes' is the title which Mr. Poultney Bigelow gives to the third volume of his "History of the German Struggle for Liberty" (Harper & Bros.). It purports to cover the period from 1815 to 1848; but the reader will search in vain for anything resembling a coherent narrative of events. The revolutionary movement of 1830 is not described, but several phases of the movement of 1848, which is to be treated in a fourth volume, are anticipated. The book is a series of chatty essays on the religious, intellectual, economic, and political conditions of the time, illustrated by biographical sketches of such Germans as Jahn, Sand, Blum, Schön, Lassalle, Simon, Reuter, Strauss, and Wagner. A number of chapters, like those on Kossuth, Mazzini, and De Tocqueville, have only an indirect bearing on German developments. Although the book is not a history, it throws light on the history of the period, for Mr. Bigelow has known Germany and its people at first hand for many years. Readers need not be warned that the author's judgments are highly subjective, for he reveals his personal likes and dislikes with complete frankness. For the Hohenzollerns who figure in this volume, the third and fourth Frederick Williams, he manifests a hearty contempt. The book is marred by numerous misprints, especially in citations from the German, and there is no index. Since, however, the author denounces some of the German historians for publishing unindexed works, it may be assumed that an alphabetical guide to the whole history will appear in the last volume.

—'The Sailor King,' by Fitzgerald Molloy (Dodd, Mead & Co.), offers an illustration of bookmaking in its easiest form. The real subject is the reign of William IV. rather than the career of the sovereign himself, and, by virtue of a comprehensive definition, everything is deemed good plunder which can be borrowed without inconvenience from Greville, Trevelyan's 'Macaulay,' and other memoirs of the time. Now and then, it is true, Mr. Molloy seems rather at a loss for material, but in such cases he resorts to the simple device of reverting to previous reigns. The tenth chapter of his first volume is filled out with an account of Shelley's matrimonial affairs, which goes back to the days of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft. Similarly, the seventh chapter of the second volume is devoted to a loose-jointed narrative of Edward Irving's early life, with Jane Welsh and Thomas Carlyle roaming in at intervals. By dint of pillaging several famous biographies, two volumes are thus made up, but for ourselves we prefer, if it comes to a choice, the one volume of Mr. John Ashton, entitled 'When William IV. was King.' Those who wish to judge for themselves, will find little difficulty in drawing certain inferences from the first two sentences of Mr. Molloy's preface: "The reign of William IV., whilst too remote for personal recollection and too recent for history, covers a space in our annals of which comparatively little is

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known. Yet its seven years are wells of interest, arising from sources intellectual rather than political; for the Sailor King reigned over subjects whose works remain our proud heritage, whose names are dear to us as those of kin, whose intimate histories, touched with the glamour of romance or with direful tragedy, exercise a spell impossible to fiction and felt only in watching the actions of mortals unconsciously obeying the dictates of fate."

—Mr. Martin Hume's 'Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots' (McClure, Phillips & Co.), is also styled by its author "A Political History." In other words, this is not a book of gossip or scandal, but, like 'The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth,' a study of matrimonial diplomacy. Mr. Hume divides the sixteenth century into the virile first half, which is dominated by Charles V., Henry VIII., and Francis I., and the feminine second half, which is dominated by Elizabeth Tudor, Mary Stuart, Catherine de Médicis, "and the cautious, timid, narrow, almost womanish Philip II." The main characteristic of the latter period is that the current policies were feminine, if not feline. Under such circumstances, marriage negotiations, always a prominent adjunct of autocracy, acquire special prominence. Elizabeth played the game for herself, and Catherine de Médicis for her children. As for Mary Stuart, she doubtless had her loves, but her courtships were more numerous than her genuine affairs of the heart. Mr. Hume finds one main cause of her failure in the attempt to imitate Elizabeth's diplomacy without possessing her exceptional advantages. Mary's greatest disadvantage in his eyes was that she did not possess self-control. "We shall see that the deplorable errors and follies that led her downward from freedom to life-long imprisonment, from happiness to misery, from a throne to a scaffold; that warped her goodness, made her a helpless plaything for her cunning enemies, and ruined the religious cause she loved better than her life, were the outcome, not of deliberate wickedness, or even of habitual political unwisdom, but of fits of undisciplined sexual passion, amounting in certain instances to temporary mania, combined with the unquenchable ambition inherited from her mother's house." This is the leading thesis, and it is developed with much skill by one who does not believe that the "Casket Letters" are altogether forgeries. We have defined Mr. Hume's position. We are unable to follow his arguments in detail, for they would lead us deep into the mazes of an interminable controversy. If predestination means anything, there must be some ante-natal power which determines whether we shall believe that Mary Stuart was a saint or a wanton.

—The immediate charm and sterling value of Prof. Ernest W. Clement's 'Handbook of Japan' lie in the fact that he speaks for the most part from immediate knowledge and experience, and from an inside view. Sixteen years ago he was called, as one of a band of young American teachers prepared to work in sympathy and brotherhood for the Japanese, to the province of Mito, one of the most famous of Japan's modern seats of learning as well as of political agitation. Fascinated with the new land and its old history, he at once entered upon systematic researches, and was soon able to prepare for the Asiatic Society some of its most valuable papers. Continuing in his work of education in Tokio, and making a careful study of political development and national history, he has gathered into his volume of nearly 400 pages (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.) a well-digested mass of knowledge concerning the country and people which is likely to be wanted constantly on the table of most intelligent people interested in the Far East and its possibilities. The book is liberally illustrated, besides having a map, a rich appendix, with statistics and tables, and an index. It lacks little to be desired of clear discussion and statement in the twenty-one divisions of the text, and there is a choice and liberal bibliography at the end of each chapter. Besides physiography, industry, travel, transportation, manners and customs, and the history of both old and new Japan, Professor Clement treats with remarkable clearness the more modern phases of constitutional imperialism, local self-government, "Japan as a World Power," and the working of the new law codes and systems. One interesting chapter reveals the position of the new woman in Japan—almost a different being in the eye of the law from her grandmother. Professor Clement is very full on the language, literature, and religions, giving four chapters to the phases of spiritual thought and life, so that it is doubtful whether one can find these profound subjects treated more fairly and fully, with such conciseness, anywhere else than in this book. Like nearly all those who know the Japanese thoroughly and have worked long with them closely and in coöperation, the author is optimistic as to the future of the nation and the empire. With Virgil, he believes that the Japanese "bring success their zeal to fan," and that "they can because they think they can." The selection of portraits and other illustrated matter is very rich and appropriate. Handsomely recognizing his indebtedness to other writers, this modest scholar acknowledges special obligations to Prof. J. H. Wigmore, formerly of Tokio, and now Dean of the Law School of the Northwestern University in Chicago, whose masterly letters to the *Nation* on constitutional development in Japan, during a critical period, well deserve to be reprinted.

—Dr. Arthur J. Evans, in the second of three lectures before the University of Oxford, which has just honored itself by admitting him to the degree of D.Litt., endeavored to fix certain leading points in the chronology of Minoan Knossos. There, as elsewhere, the successive evolution of various styles of pottery affords the steadiest and least uncertain clue. Already during the first year's excavations a connection was clearly made out between the latest flourishing Minoan period at Knossos and the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty. Furthermore, the evidences of Cretan seal-stones shadowed forth a point of contact with the twelfth Egyptian dynasty. Now, with the few sporadic Egyptian finds of the second, third, and fourth year's campaigns, and an especial study of the earlier phases of ceramic art and of the fashioning at Knossos of stone vases, points of contact with the Twelfth Dynasty of Egypt have become much clearer, and to these have been added the most indubitable evidence of relations with Egypt under the very earliest dynasties, particularly the sixth and the fourth. Dr. Evans's periods, taken backwards, are accordingly as follows. Latest of all, and identified by extensive finds of "geometrical" or "dipylon" pottery, near the surface, is the period when, presumably, the palace had been plundered and burned by northern invaders, and the site was in the hands of people more or less rude and primitive. The date for this would be nearly 1000 B. C. The next period is late Mycenæan, dates about 1500 B. C., and shows degenerate designs and slack workmanship. Next comes a period of marvellously perfect naturalistic designing, which may be centred at about 2000 B. C. or earlier. Behind this lie most beautiful specimens of egg-shell pottery with beautiful colored designs; and last of all, at the very beginning of things artistic at Knossos, we have stone imitations of the stone vases of the fourth and earlier Egyptian dynasties.

—During the third week in November, Dr. Evans presented before the Academy, and also in a public lecture at Oxford, the accumulating results of such study as his Knossian excavations have allowed him to make of the various inscriptions and sealings on clay, the engravings on seals, and the ink-written records on pots which have rewarded his four years' digging in the Minoan Labyrinth. With these he has combined a study of similar inscriptions recently unearthed by Professor Halbherr on other Cretan sites. Viewed in the light of his now more definite Knossian chronology, the several kinds of script connect themselves with successive phases of Minoan civilization. To begin with, there is the pictographic alphabet (we boldly misuse the term alphabet for clearness' sake), which has marked affinities through early Cretan "button-seals" with certain Egyptian picture-signs that go back to the Sixth Dynasty and earlier. This pictographic alphabet developed into an early linear alphabet which must be connected with the earlier palace upon the Labyrinth site. Dating this linear alphabet in the neighborhood of 3,000 B. C., since the chronology is cleared up by connections with the era of the Twelfth Egyptian Dynasty, we find that there was a sudden change at Knossos, accompanied by a second linear script (in some ways, though not in all, an improvement on the first). The numerals of both scripts are based on the decimal system, but the second linear script has a much more clearly and conveniently framed number of signs. This second linear script seems to associate itself with the later history of the site, although the pictographic system was never abandoned entirely; it apparently became more and more artistically pictographic and less and less a scheme of conventional signs. The ink-written records on pottery are examples of a cursive script formed upon the second linear, much as our handwriting is formed on the Roman alphabet. Mr. Evans has added to the identified group of signs meaning *total*, groups or signs evidently meaning *vase, man, woman, slave*, and the like. He has clearly made out terminations masculine and feminine, so that at the meeting of the Academy his general account was sufficiently specific to be met half way by Professor Conway's recent observations upon characters found elsewhere in Crete. The language was everywhere the same, and everywhere inflect-

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ed. This indicates a different ethnography in early Crete from that recorded by Homer, which of course does not reach back to the latest date of the Minoan Labyrinth.

MACAULAY AS AN ESSAYIST.

Critical and Historical Essays by Lord Macaulay. Edited by F. C. Montague. 3 vols. London: Methuen & Co.; New York: Putnams. 1903.

"If, in conclusion, we ask what is the distinctive merit of Macaulay's historical essays, the merit which redeems imperfect knowledge, superficial philosophy, and overheated eloquence, it might be answered that these essays are admirable specimens of popular writing in the noblest acceptation. Books which try to make history popular too often sink into silliness or vulgarity. But these essays, which have done more than any other book to kindle the desire for historical knowledge in myriads of young and untrained or busy and preoccupied minds, are not written down to the nursery or the market-place. They are the free outflow of an active and richly stored intelligence. . . . It is the scholar and the statesman who speaks; and if the partisan too often speaks also, he is an orator who addresses a senate, not a ranter who amuses a crowd. To these merits much gratitude is due, and many faults may be pardoned."

This passage from Mr. Montague's Introduction to Macaulay's 'Critical and Historical Essays'—writings which, from the moment of their appearance, became classics—arrests attention. It brings before us the feeling entertained by Englishmen who claim to be in a special sense men of culture towards the most widely read of English historians. These men acknowledge against their will the presence of an indescribable something in Macaulay's writings which belongs to genius alone, and which may well, in Mr. Montague's words, be described as the "possession of unique qualities which causes books as well as men to be held in loving remembrance." Yet our superior persons are almost ashamed of their involuntary admiration for a writer of extraordinary power, and, when they venture on eulogy, express it in terms which closely resemble depreciative apology. In truth, Macaulay belongs in spirit to a different and a more robust and manly age than ours; and censors who have not the vanity to claim half his gifts or a tenth of his knowledge, feel that somehow or other Macaulay does not command their sympathy, and that appreciation must take the form of patronage. The aim of this article is to weigh the force of the specific charges brought by the fairest of his censors against Macaulay. The censures may be brought under a few definite heads.

Macaulay's knowledge, we are told, is imperfect. If by this charge is meant that in hastily written essays which deal sometimes with periods to which Macaulay had not been able to give minute attention, he falls into errors which at this time of day it is easy to detect, the accusation may often be made good. If, on the other hand, it is meant that Macaulay wrote on subjects on which he had no knowledge, the charge is one which Mr. Montague's own notes confute. One, indeed, of Macaulay's peculiarities—namely, his tendency to introduce with extraordinary art into many of his essays interesting digressions which have little to do with the book that he is nominally reviewing—is due in a great degree both to the exuberance of his knowledge and to his intense desire to write only about topics which he understood. Mr. Montague corrects with unflagging assiduity any errors to be noted in the essays; and, as we read Macaulay's pages and notice the trifling character of the corrections suggested by a well-informed commentator, we are far more struck, as were Macaulay's contemporaries, by the profusion and extent of his information than by the occasional mistakes as to fact or his occasional rashness of judgment. He possessed, indeed, in his own memory stores of information which profound scholars can often find only by reference to their libraries or their well-stocked note-books. It is this mass of remembered and fully appreciated facts which often makes a few lines of his writing, whether in verse or in prose, absolutely teem with allusions.

Take one stanza from the lament of a vanquished Protestant over the battle of Moncontour:

"Alas! we must leave thee, dear desolate home,
To the spearmen of Uri, the shavelings of Rome,
To the serpent of Florence, the vulture of Spain,
To the pride of Anjou and the guile of Lorraine."

Not one of these four lines fails to suggest the memory of some definite fact, not a single epithet fails of appropriateness, each would need many words to explain and justify its significance. The modern heroes of research, who in many cases have explored nothing, are in no position to criticise the author whose mind was, from his youth up, filled with a knowledge of the past which by most of us can hardly be acquired by laborious investigation.

Macaulay, it is alleged, is a mere partisan. Here a censor hits a real defect. Macaulay was occasionally wanting in judicial calmness; he lacked the quality of scientific disinterestedness. But this defect, in so far as it really existed, was of a peculiar character and was closely connected with a rare merit. His partisanship, if so it is to be called, was not indifference to truth; it had nothing to do with the morbid vanity of a paradox-monger which leads one eminent writer to paint Henry VIII. as a model king and to see manly virtues in the violence of Frederick the Great's father. Macaulay's partisanship was nothing but the weak side of splendid historical imagination. By the combined force of imagination, memory, and knowledge, Macaulay often lived in the times of which he wrote. He was not so much the historian of the Whig Revolution as a Revolution Whig. He looked at Charles II., at Penn, at Marlborough, or at William with the eyes of these men's contemporaries. He succeeded in imbibing the very spirit of 1688. From Macaulay you cannot expect the balanced judicial, scrupulous, and not unfrequently lifeless estimates of the great men of the past which are to be found in the pages of S. R. Gardiner; but though Macaulay may be insufficiently judicial, he is never in intention unfair, nor are his estimates of character deserving, as a rule, either of intellectual contempt or of moral reprobation. No doubt men in whom religious sentiment was blended, as it often is, with a certain amount of moral obliquity, were to Macaulay incomprehensible. But in dealing with ordinary men actuated by the motives which generally guide Englishmen in secular concerns, Macaulay's judgment is generally sound enough. Take, as an example, his estimate of Clive. It was denounced by Brougham as containing the most "profligate political morality." Of it the ex-Chancellor writes in 1840:

"His defence of Clive, and the audacious ground of it, merit execration. . . . No, no; all the sentences a man can turn, even if he made them in pure taste and not in Tom's snip-snap taste of the Lower Empire—all won't avail against a rotten morality. . . . . What? Are we gravely to be told, at this time of day, that a set-off may be allowed for public and, therefore, atrocious crimes, though he admits that a common felon pleads it in vain? Gracious God, where is this to end! What horrors will it not excuse!"

And so forth and so forth. Put all this moral Pecksniffianism, uttered by one of the most reckless and most untrustworthy political adventurers of his time, side by side with a few words from Macaulay's clear and temperate summary of Clive's position when he stood practically on trial before the House of Commons:

"It was clear that Clive had been guilty of some acts which it is impossible to vindicate without attacking the authority of all the most sacred laws which regulate the intercourse of individuals and of States. But it was equally clear that he had displayed great talents and even great virtues; that he had rendered eminent services both to his country and to the people of India; and that it was in truth not for his dealings with Meer Jaffier, nor for the fraud which he had practised on Omichund, but for his determined resistance to avarice and tyranny, that he was now called in question. . . . Clive committed great faults; and we have not attempted to disguise them. But his faults, when weighed against his merits, and viewed in connection with his temptations, do not appear to us to deprive him of his right to an honorable place in the estimation of posterity."

Who will deny that here, at least, the alleged partisanship of Macaulay pronounces the final judgment of history?

Macaulay—and this is the last charge we will consider—is a picturesque and not a scientific historian. This allegation contains a real meaning, and a meaning which deserves attention. Let us consider for a moment what its meaning is. An historian, we shall find, may take two different views of his office. The one is that history ought to be the impressive narration of ascertained facts. This view does not dispense the historian from the duty, a duty often excessively difficult to discharge, of ascertaining the truth; but it does impose upon the historian another function which not one man in ten thousand is capable of discharging, namely, the orderly and effective narration of complicated and often of obscure events. To Macaulay, history was primarily narration, but narration (and this is a point which modern historical inquiries overlook) is a work of stupendous difficulty. The man who can perform it must have an immense quantity of facts clearly before his mind; he must also have the genius to arrange them in perspicuous order. In this power of narration Macaulay stands a head and shoulders above all modern English writers. Froude, of whose inaccuracies we say nothing, may draw pictures as brilliant, though by no means as truthful, as scenes painted by Macaulay; but then Froude is, in spite of his high literary gifts, a confused narrator. Stubbs has in some directions a learning to which Macaulay could lay no claim, but we doubt whether Stubbs ever drew a picture of a man or a scene which any one could remember for five minutes.

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The late S. R. Gardiner is unrivalled both in his special knowledge of his subject and in his laborious candor, but the later volumes of his great work degenerate from a history into a sort of Annual Register, and, but for his small but masterly sketch of the Thirty Years' War, we might have doubted his capacity to take a general view of an historic period. If, then, to be a great narrator of past events is the function of a powerful historian, Macaulay is entitled to a very high place indeed among English historical writers.

But there is another view of history which gives a very secondary place to narrative. Historical inquiry is on this view essentially research. The duty (and the glory) of an historian is to discover new facts. This idea is one naturally acceptable to a large body of English students at the beginning of the twentieth century. If history be research, then an investigator into the events of the past is placed in a position bearing a real resemblance to the position of a man occupied with physical science. Historical, in common with scientific, research makes discoveries. An historian, in common with the scientific student, may dispense with literary gifts; a discovery remains a discovery, however clumsily it be described. Nor can it really be doubted that this way of looking at history contains a large amount of important truth. Still, it has defects. Research increases the knowledge of the past, but it does not increase our capacity for understanding facts which are already known. Research, too, is apt to degenerate into antiquarianism. Discoveries differ greatly in importance; a petty discovery has as little significance as a petty invention. An inquirer who should establish for certain that Francis was the author of Junius's letters would render real service to the world by checking in one direction the futile expenditure of valuable labor; but the ingenious inquirer who ascertained exactly the length of Johnson's residence at Oxford rendered the pettiest of petty services to the cause of truth. The devotee of research should never be allowed to deceive himself with the idea that a discovery, because it cost much trouble, is therefore worth the trouble which it cost.

Research, lastly, and this is a grave matter, does little or nothing to stimulate the capacity for thought or to strengthen the judgment. The belief, then, that history is primarily research is the article of a narrow and one-sided creed; and to the devotees of research Macaulay's writings are a perpetual protest against the danger of confounding antiquarianism with historical study. A critic may say, and with possible truth, that Macaulay's theories are commonplace, and that his rhetoric is often marred by too much emphasis; but a candid critic cannot deny that Macaulay has one transcendent merit: he can make a past age visible and interesting to ordinary Englishmen. Hence his popularity. But this popular admiration cannot be obtained by mere research. The knowledge of this fact imports a bitterness into criticisms of Macaulay. The student who labors through piles of books and manuscripts to ascertain some undiscovered fact has his own and his appropriate reward, but he cannot always look without envy upon the transcendent narrator who, in virtue of a gigantic memory and of lifelong reading, could tell the tale of the past so as to arrest the attention of crowds who are in general very indifferent to the course of history.

ABBOTT'S BEECHER.

Henry Ward Beecher. By Lyman Abbott. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

Dr. Abbott is nothing if not facile, and the latest of his many books is written with his characteristic editorial freedom and expansion—increasing as he goes on. Whatever defect inheres in this biography, it does not smell of the lamp. It reads as if written from the surface of the writer's mind, and the verifying of dates and incidents has been confessedly the labor of a friend. A consequence of this manner of writing is a certain looseness of arrangement and lack of chronological order and detail that is not agreeable, and is sometimes baffling. But then it should be remembered that Dr. Abbott is remarkably well qualified for writing in this manner. This is not his first Life of Beecher. In 1883 he composed a much fuller one, in collaboration with the Rev. S. B. Halliday. He has handled the same subject in many different ways. As editor and assistant editor of the *Christian Union* he had long and intimate association with Mr. Beecher, and his ten years' pastorate of Plymouth Church afforded him continual access to the tradition of Beecher's pulpit and parochial work. For the manner of Mr. Beecher's domestic life we are referred to Dr. Abbott's earlier biography. Here the omission is so absolute that it makes a painful void. Mrs. Stowe's absence is equally conspicuous, and there is not a word concerning the bond of affection which knit the brother and sister so closely together in their maturer years. Incidentally, 'The Minister's Wooing' is referred to as Mrs. Stowe's "most effective and striking fiction"—a courageous opinion, if not a valid one. But Dr. Abbott's opinions are often strikingly individual, as where Charles G. Finney is reckoned with Beecher and Bushnell one of the three greatest leaders of religious reformation in America in the nineteenth century.

In an introductory chapter on "The Meaning of Mr. Beecher's Life," we have the assurance, strengthened as we go on, that his service did not lie so much in any definite contribution to theological opinion as in a change made in the atmosphere of religious thinking and living. Bushnell is exhibited as the prophet of faith, Finney as the prophet of hope, and Beecher as the prophet of love—distinctions required by the exigencies of the Pauline text rather than by the qualities, severally, of the three men. The chapter ends with Beecher's notorious answer to his own question, "Could Theodore Parker worship my God?" It would be a mistake to regard this answer as so much golden dust stirred up by Mr. Beecher in his rhetorical flight before the face of an unjust suspicion. It was highly significant of that fundamental agnosticism which attracted him so powerfully to Herbert Spencer a little further on.

A second chapter, "The Making of the Man," brings us to the end of Beecher's course at Amherst College. His father is dimly outlined. The mother would have been enthusiastic in her love of music and art if she had had opportunities to develop a taste for these things, and from her potentiality Henry derived his actual love of them; also his love of nature and "that femininity of character which endeared him to those who knew him best." Coming to his college life, again we have the nice old story that he once stood next to the head of his class—when it stood in a circle. Nothing of his college studies clung to him better than phrenology, a personal elective. Its terminology was always at his tongue's end, and in his 'Yale Lectures on Preaching' he cordially recommended it as a means of knowing men. Hence, perhaps, a measure of truth in Edward Eggleston's judgment, that no one knew *man* so well as Beecher, *men* so ill. Even while in college he did some lecturing, once earning ten dollars, with which he bought an edition of Burke—as if the oratorical instinct had by this time developed and he knew its proper food. When in 1834 he went to Cincinnati and entered Lane Seminary, Lyman Beecher's theological school, he came close upon the heels of that uprising and secession of anti-slavery students which was so important at the time, and which, had young Beecher arrived a little earlier, might have proved seriously embarrassing. Apparently he did not chafe under the yoke from which Theodore D. Weld and his impassioned young fraternity broke away. But of these things Dr. Abbott catches nothing in his net. The interest that attaches to all brave beginnings attaches to Beecher's first settlement in Lawrenceburg, Ind., on a salary of $300, with married life begun in two rooms over a stable at a rental of $40 a year. It was a far cry from these things to those of later times, when a salary of $20,000 did not begin to pay the bills. The eight years in Indianapolis were remarkable for their rude simplicity. The capital city was then an unkempt village, gambling and drinking its distinctive social traits. These, furnishing the young preacher with a measure for his courage, also in their amelioration furnished some proofs of the reality of his backwoods ministry.

A good chapter upon "Plymouth Church," the building, the organization, the development, brings us to a better, "The Pastor of Plymouth Church," a generalized description with some concrete particulars. It will be a surprise to many that Beecher was "in person slightly under six feet," unless by "slightly" we are to understand three or four inches. "He was not in any ordinary sense of the term a pastor." "He was not always to be had for either the funerals or the weddings of his great parish." At the back of his oratorical preeminence was a long course of rigorous training in the use of his lungs, his arms and hands, his throat and voice. Much that seemed nature was second nature—a system of acquired traits, their acquisition requiring more patience in the boy than the grown man possessed. Dr. Abbott protests that Beecher's preaching was not extemporaneous, but Mr. Beecher's own account of it compels us to a different opinion. From a dozen or more topics lying in his mind during the week he would choose one on Sunday morning after breakfast, begin to write with some fulness, abbreviating more and more as church-time drew near, and breaking off where he must. Later there was no writing out; only a few notes. Almost everything that Beecher did was done in this free-and-easy, happy-go-lucky way, his editorials equally with his

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sermons; his lectures generally were written out. Nothing impresses us more clearly in Dr. Abbott's book, or more painfully, than the lack in Beecher's preaching and writing of any body of thought from which effective extracts can be drawn. The number of such in these pages is astonishingly few, and we view here the penalty of his method in the entire absence from his mind of any habit of meditation, without which it is almost impossible for an element of permanence to reside in utterances that for the moment may strangely move the listener with their emotional force.

Dr. Abbott's inevitable chapter is the sixth, "Parenthetical." It is the one chapter we were sure to have; its purpose, to declare and prove that Mr. Beecher was "not an abolitionist." The chapter "Under Accusation" does not repel the Tilton charge with so much vehemence as the chapter "Parenthetical" and that next succeeding repel the popular misconception that Beecher was a follower of Garrison. Several pages are devoted to an exposition and arraignment of Garrison's position, with slight regard to the development of his opinions. The uninformed are left to suppose that disunionism was central to his doctrine from the start. On the other hand, it should be remarked that Dr. Abbott does not, like some others, hold Garrison responsible for the South's increasing devotion to slavery and for the increase of pro-slavery sentiment in the North. Indeed, we have had much worse accounts of the development of the Slave Power and its ambitions than this of Dr. Abbott's. But in declaring that Beecher was not an abolitionist, he does him less than justice. He was not a Garrisonian abolitionist; but all the abolitionists were not Garrisonians. The end of Beecher's anti-slavery activity was not merely prevention of the extension of slavery—it was its ultimate destruction, to which he thought the compromises of the Constitution looked. Following up Webster's 7th of March speech, for which Dr. Abbott has a generous apology, Mr. Beecher, contrasting slavery and freedom, said: "One or the other must die"—anticipating by three weeks Seward's "irrepressible conflict," by nearly ten years Lincoln's "divided house," but much farther in the rear of many others. Chapter viii., "The Anti-Slavery Reformer," is a vivid presentation of Beecher's anti-slavery activity. The poorest part of it was his ingenious perversions of the Bible to his philanthropic ends. Dr. Abbott's retrospective anti-slavery sentiment dates apparently from the assault of Stephen A. Douglas on the Missouri Compromise in 1854. He does not seem to see that the line of direction from Garrison's abolitionism through the Liberty and Free Soil and Republican Parties was a line of ever doubtfuller concession, and that in 1856 and 1860 the Republican platforms were conspicuously silent in regard to both the Fugitive Slave Law and the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. He seems to smile approval on the impossible concessions (Lincoln *judicc*) proposed by Charles Francis Adams in the doleful winter of 1860-61. But Beecher is represented as standing inflexible when even Sumner quailed before the gathering storm. Mr. Pierce's careful biography of Sumner is convincing that Sumner was inflexible for the Union and against compromise, and Mr. Beecher's Boston lecture of November 27, 1860, conveys the impression that he had at least a momentary inclination to the peaceable permission of secession.

There is a good testimony to Mr. Beecher's course during the civil war, and to his "campaign in England." The incidents of this are well described, and the claim made for its influence probably does not exceed the fact. The solid core of intellectual heat was, perhaps, too much obscured by the dazzling photosphere of humor, eloquence, and repartee. In the "Reconstruction" chapter Beecher's agreement with President Lincoln and Gov. Andrew on a policy of conciliation is counted to him for political wisdom; so, too, his hesitation at negro enfranchisement, though in general his predilection for universal suffrage was extreme. But Dr. Abbott clearly apprehends the difficulties that beset the path of reconstruction, and recognizes that what now seems best to careful retrospection may not then have been possible, or have had the best reasons on its side. Beecher's immense laudation of Andrew Johnson is passed over trippingly, and, indeed, Dr. Abbott is an adept in his avoidance of concrete particulars that do not redound to the glory of his friend.

The chapter "Under Accusation" will be entirely satisfactory to those who need no persuasion to its view, and equally so to the new generation who remember nothing of the long-drawn misery of an intolerable social situation. Those of adverse opinion will not be much impressed with Dr. Abbott's presentation of the matter. What is certain is, that the profound inertia of Mr. Beecher's honorable fame acquired by many years of splendid service has in the long run done much to break the force of men's injurious suspicions, and even to abate the confidence of his most hostile critics in the soundness of their view. In one respect Dr. Abbott's statement, however wise and just, must prove misleading to the reader who is under middle age. Dry, hard, and cold, it gives no sign of the social demoralization that overwhelmed the local community for a succession of years, during which one sordid theme engrossed the general mind, and with its terrible insistence broke up the peace of families and alienated friend from friend.

It is a great relief to turn from this chapter to that on Mr. Beecher's "Later Ministry." The particulars of his lecturing are eloquent of the almost superhuman vigor of the man. He was already sixty-three years old when he began his courses under the direction of Major Pond. During the next twelve years he travelled on his lecture tours nearly three hundred thousand miles, and lectured one thousand two hundred and sixty-one times. On a single tour he delivered ninety-two lectures and sermons and travelled seventeen thousand miles. But Dr. Abbott's opinion is that in none of this herculean labor was Beecher at his best. He was at his best in the pulpit, next on the rostrum, last on the lecture platform. It is as an orator that he receives the highest praise, but as a sacred orator. He is compared with Webster, Gough, Phillips, and other great orators, in an interesting, but not quite convincing manner. The analysis of his preaching is much better. At first largely pictorial, imaginative, emotional, it became less impassioned, more controlled, and remained so during the mid-period of his life. In the next stage he was a teacher; his sermons on "Evolution and Religion" furnishing the best illustration of the type. Very strange, indeed, is Dr. Abbott's account of evolution in general and Mr. Beecher's in particular. His characteristic notes in either case are the denial of the fall of Adam and total depravity. There is not a word concerning the really significant denial of special creation.

A chapter on the 'Yale Lectures on Preaching' commends them as the best fruit of Beecher's intellectual activity, and as that which has the most enduring quality. A chapter on "Editor and Author" makes no excessive claim. Beecher is called a great editor, but only because of his power of instigating others. He did little to back up his name as editor of the *Christian Union*, except by permitting stenographic reports of his "Lecture-Room Talks." Dr. Abbott was his associate editor from 1876 to 1881, and during that time Beecher's editorials decreased from few to less, and he would never read a proof. His 'Life of Christ' is praised as an eloquent interpretation. In so far as he had a Christology it was heretical, generally Monophysite; but in the 'Life of Christ' it was more Patripassian, presenting "a divine life in a human body," a doctrine which Dr. Abbott cannot abide. A brief chapter on Beecher's last months and death brings us to a closing one, "Estimates and Impressions," the best part of which is an account of Beecher's speech at the Herbert Spencer dinner. Dr. Abbott "can see the critic smiling with amused contempt at this paragraph, if he deigns to read it." But it visualizes Beecher with peculiar force, and more pictures of this kind would have brought back the man more vividly to those who remember him, and have made him a more positive reality for those who never saw his face.

AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

American Railways. By Edwin A. Pratt. The Macmillan Co. 1903.

American Railway Transportation. By Emory R. Johnson. D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

These two books treat their subject from widely different points of view. Mr. Pratt's volume (which first appeared, in substance, in the columns of the London *Times*) is the result of a four months' tour in the United States, and is mainly designed to enlighten the representatives of English railway interests on the subject of the American railway system. It is in part descriptive of the American methods of travelling and transportation. The comparison of these with the corresponding features of the English system is valuable, and, as far as it goes, accurate. We say as far as it goes, for many points of difference, which can hardly have escaped the author's attention, are barely dwelt upon. For instance, while the sleeping-car (converted by day into a parlor-car) is discussed at length, we find no description or discussion of the ordinary day parlor-car, with chairs, which, is of course the American vehicle corresponding to the ordinary English first-class railway carriage. Nor is there any account of the "smoker," an American railway vehicle for which no analogue exists in Eng-

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land, but which is to be found on every railway train in the United States.

The general conclusion reached by the author is the rather discouraging one that neither country has anything to learn from the other. But his description is at war with his conclusions, for his account tends to prove very convincingly that (even allowing for the divergences between the conditions in the two countries which have produced such wide differences as everybody notices), the English system is complete and finished, while the American is an unfinished and inadequate one, which, to become complete, must copy at many points from the English. This it is actually doing. The separation of the railroad tracks from the highway levels, gradually introduced here now by means of compulsory legislation, was a feature of the English railway systems from the first; our very inadequate system of porterage and cab service at the large city stations is copied, and badly copied, from the English. "With a few exceptions, American railway stations are distinctly inferior to railway stations in Great Britain." In this country, while we have introduced a system of dining-cars and parlor buffet-cars, these are for Pullman passengers only, and this provision bears no relation to the question of station buffets at all. These are found everywhere in England, and, we may add, on the Continent, where they are, we believe, compulsory. Americans like checks for baggage and prefer Pullmans to English railway carriages, but nobody prefers a poor railway station, such as ours for the most part still are. The tendency of the American railway system is to make the journey comfortable for the luxurious classes, while the company is allowed to save money by "scrimping" the others. Rigid Parliamentary supervision in the interest of all classes is the rule in England. The author's remarks would seem to point to the conclusion that the organization of railway passenger service is distinctly inferior in America; the consequences of the difference fall mainly, as is always the case, on the great, long-suffering travelling public.

We have confined ourselves in these remarks to the passenger service, because as to this every traveller is an expert. But we suspect that much the same differences might be found in other directions. The subject of freight and motive power is gone into in Mr. Pratt's pages, with the general conclusion that the conditions of the two countries are wholly disparate; but it appears that while in this country the consignee is generally expected to take away his freight himself, or through an express company, in England it is delivered to him by the railway. As to the enormous advances made in this country in the size and power of locomotives and the capacity of freight cars, the author seems to think that the English difficulty is mainly lack of freight. But on all questions relating to freight the self-interest of the roads is sure to be the best guide in the long run. It is from this branch of the service that the revenue of the roads is mainly derived, in both countries. It is to the passenger service that public attention should mainly be directed, for it is an undisputed fact that until within very recent years considerations affecting the comfort, convenience, and even safety of the passengers have been neglected in this country. The statistics on the subject of safety are not altogether reliable (what is wanted is a table showing the number of accidents *per mile travelled*); but we know that, other things being equal, safety must depend upon such matters as the separation of grades, the supply of elevated and depressed crossways at stations, the doubling of track, etc. The author quotes American railway men as substantially admitting the incompleteness of our railways in these respects. They defend their policy as "a policy of essentials." In the beginning,

"it was not absolutely essential, as regards the working of the line, to prevent people from being killed. So the railway companies put down, in the roughest form, just what was wanted for the time being, and nothing more; and they *left humanitarian considerations on one side until they were successful and prosperous enough to do bigger things and to indulge in the luxury of surplus emotions.*"

Unfortunately, just as our Legislatures were beginning to see the necessity of compelling them to indulge in the luxury of surplus emotions—*e. g.*, by separating the tracks from the highways—the development of the new trolley system (again confined to "essentials") has introduced a new source of danger. The idea that, because we can explain many things of this sort by the circumstances under which our system has grown up, therefore we can trust to the companies, as they grow and prosper, to become more and more humane and considerate, is, of course, preposterous. Corporate bodies are taught respect for public rights and comfort by the Legislature and the courts, or not at all.

Mr. Johnson is professor of transportation and commerce in the University of Pennsylvania. His book can hardly be called original, but is a carefully drawn picture of the American railway system as it exists, accompanied by a discussion of some of the "problems" of the day. Among these is one the discussion of which has been going on for thirty years, and to a solution of which we seem to be no nearer than when we began. The "Granger" movement resulted in judicial decisions that the State had power to fix rates, but this is subject to the restriction that they must be reasonable. Neither the individual States nor the Federal Government can so fix the rates of transportation as to confiscate the value of the property invested in railways. Further than this, the courts protect railway property against unreasonable attacks by means of judicial inquiry into the facts of the case and by injunctions. Laws are passed against rebates and discriminations between shippers, and against contracts in restraint of trade and to make competition compulsory. The first two are effectual, because they are enforced by the courts, and are merely confirmatory of a general principle of justice and the common law; the last proves wholly nugatory, because the railroads which find that they have a common interest in combination, become consolidated, and divide the territory of the United States into "systems," of say 20,000 miles each, within the limits of which competition practically ceases. The final result of the struggle is that rates are to-day fixed not by the States or the Federal Government; but by the railroads themselves. Professor Johnson seems to think that the goal to which we are tending is the socialization of railways—*i. e.*, the use of the railway system and revenues for public objects. This is the German system, but it comes from State ownership, and there is no evidence at present that we are proceeding in any such direction. What Professor Johnson's discussion does show is, that there is a natural law which tends to keep railway rates down; and on this our reliance must in the long run be placed. A railroad must *foster* business. As the amount of money invested in it is always increasing, it cannot afford to put such a tax on any class of traffic as will drive it away. That this law does not work with mathematical precision may be admitted, but it works sufficiently well to have brought down rates as Government regulation has not brought them down. Besides this, those who object to private ownership should explain why Government ownership is not a still greater monopoly. Government railway ownership is not at all like the State ownership of highways, because the use of the latter is free to all comers, the fund for "maintenance of way" being supplied from general taxation. The author's chapters on monopoly and competition, the "Theory of Rates and Fares" and "Rate-making in Practice," throw a flood of light on the subject, but do not encourage us to believe that our present system will be successfully supplanted by any other, at least until our whole government and social and legal systems undergo such changes as to make a new heaven and a new earth. What is possible here, as in the passenger business, is intelligent State supervision, publicity of accounts and rates (already to a very great degree attained), stern repression of all unjust discrimination; not paternalistic attempts to fix rates through administrative boards.

The Art of Cross-Examination. By Francis L. Wellman. With the cross-examinations of important witnesses in some celebrated cases. The Macmillan Co. 1903.

Mr. Wellman's book is a substantial contribution to the literature of a very fascinating subject, and will be found almost equally interesting by the laity and the profession of which he is a member. An expert cross-examiner himself, of many years' standing, he not only has analyzed the principles of the art in a very satisfactory and thorough manner, but has illustrated the application of his principles by giving some celebrated cross-examinations in just that detail which is needed for dramatic effectiveness, and which reproduces the scene in court so as to make the reader almost feel that he is present at the trial.

Cross-examination is at its best in criminal trials, and then especially as a means of exposing perjury dramatically. From the very fact that life or liberty depends upon the issue, the case, which frequently turns upon the testimony of a single person, is alive with interest, increasing towards a climax, which, when it comes at the end of a searching cross-examination, seems like the stroke of fate.

Mr. Wellman's account of the Carlyle W. Harris case, in which, if we remember right, he was engaged, is novel, and forms perhaps the most original contribution to the narrative portion of the book. It is interesting, also, as throwing light on one of the causes of the great expense of many modern *causes célèbres*—the vast amount of

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medical research involved. The case was one either of morphine poisoning or of organic disease; the deceased (Harris's wife) showed symptoms which, it was contended, might be attributed to either. For the purpose of clearing up the doubt, the reports of six thousand cases of morphine poisoning had been examined by the prosecution before trial, and through the information gained in this way the district attorney was enabled to break down the testimony of the defence's chief witness, an expert, whose name the author suppresses. The distinguishing symptom of the case was symmetrical contraction of the pupils of the eyes, and there was no doubt that Mrs. Harris had taken capsules containing harmless doses of quinine and morphia procured for her by her husband, who was a medical student. The theory of the prosecution was that Harris, who had reasons for wishing his wife out of the way, had emptied one of the capsules and filled it with morphine, thus causing her death. On the trial Dr. —— testified that symmetrical contraction of the pupils was not a certain symptom of morphine poisoning, and that his belief was grounded on a case recorded by a Professor Taylor. When this point was reached, the cross-examining counsel asked a single question: "Well, sir, did you investigate that case far enough to discover that Professor Taylor's patient had one glass eye?" Harris was convicted and executed. Indirectly this cross-examination caused the conviction of another murderer. Within a year Dr. Buchanan was indicted and tried for the same offence—wife poisoning by means of morphine. In this case the pupils were not symmetrically contracted; but meantime it appeared that during the Harris trial Buchanan had observed to some one that Harris was a bungler, for if he had mixed a little atropine with his morphine, it would have dilated at least one of his victim's eyes. The presence of atropine was discovered in Mrs. Buchanan's body. Buchanan also was convicted and executed. The Harris case is as wonderful, though not as dramatic, as the great cross-examination of the forger Pigott, in the Parnell Inquiry, by Sir Charles Russell, by the aid of an incriminating letter. Mr. Wellman gives this in full.

Vivâ-voce cross-examination of witnesses in open court is one of the distinguishing features of our system of law, and, in trials in which perjury is likely to be resorted to, a very valuable feature. Whether it is of any great use in ordinary litigations may well be doubted. We get along well enough without it in thousands of cases tried on "papers" only. But when a man is engaged in a contest with the Government which involves the risk of death or imprisonment, it is an immense safeguard for him if innocent, and an immense aid to the prosecution if he is guilty. The author has a good deal to say about the abuse of cross-examination; but this should be within the control of the courts. The license often given to counsel to torture the witness is the only serious reproach brought against cross-examination which, as Mr. Wellman points out, is (when improperly applied) often more dangerous to him who resorts to it than to either antagonist or witness.

The Cavalry Horse and his Pack. By Lieut. John J. Boniface. Kansas City, Mo.: Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Co. 1903.

This book, under a modest title, is an encyclopædia of much that pertains to the horse, as appears from the secondary title, "Embracing the practical details of Cavalry Service." It consist of more than 500 pages, and covers in considerable detail a very wide range of experiences, most of which have been heretofore made the subject of official reports or personal publication by Government officials. Many of the illustrations are very good, but if there is anything which might disturb the cordial understanding existing between Great Britain and America, as a result of the successful termination of the Alaska discussion, it is the illustration of the "British Cavalryman on Horse" (page 26).

The opening chapter is on the history of the horse, from the earliest period through the age of chivalry to the modern cavalryman and his horse. The various classes of cavalry in different armies and the historical organization of the American cavalry are briefly commented upon, with copious illustrations. Just what the illustrations of the Percheron, Clydesdale, and English Shire horses have to do with the main subject is not easily understood. The author, however, does not recommend any of these animals for cavalry service, but suggests the desirability of a cross between the Percheron and the thoroughbred. Brief descriptions of these horses, the Cleveland bays, hackneys, German coach, and others, serve to further inform the casual reader investigating the literature of the horse.

The author states that the experience of different cavalry services the world over has gradually developed a distinct and separate class of horses for cavalry work which might be said to embrace "the disposition, spirit, agility, and intelligence of the thoroughbred gaited saddle animal and the large bone and strong sinew, short back, stout forehead, strength, and hardihood of the Hackney, Clydesdale, and Percheron." It is something new to hear of the thoroughbred gaited saddle animal. Many of the best gaited saddle-horse families of the blue-grass regions of America are the results of crosses, some of which have a considerable infusion of thoroughbred blood; but no well-established gaited saddle-horse family is constituted of thoroughbred blood entirely. There is nothing in the Clydesdale or Percheron that makes them or their progeny suitable or desirable for saddle purposes, either civil or military. Doubtless the author has been misled in this matter. It is next to impossible to breed out the large heavy feet and telltale fetlocks of the Clydesdale or Shire. The heavy cavalry of France has used at various times horses with a considerable proportion of Percheron blood, but then the charges of some of Napoleon's heavy cavalry, mounted on these animals, were made at a gait little faster than a slow trot, notwithstanding the many paintings showing these animals at full speed.

Chapters on shoeing, bitting and bits, and saddles follow in order, with little or no modification of prevailing military ideas on those subjects. In the last-named chapter, however, the author asserts that our troopers usually saddle far forward whenever they have a roughly gaited animal assigned to them, because of the belief that this does away with the roughness of the gait. This is quite a novel explanation of the prevalent habit with American cavalry, which has often been commented upon, and has generally been supposed to result from the shape of the saddle and its smooth undersurface.

It is not until chapter ten is reached that the author takes up the subject of the pack. All nations have, since the establishment of regular armies, found themselves anchored to very heavy equipments for cavalry service; the amount to be carried in the way of arms, ammunition, food, clothing, and minor necessary articles, brings the weight of the pack up to about one-fourth that of the average horse. Ever-increasing efforts have been made to reduce this, but without satisfactory results. The American cavalry carries a very large load, but no greater than that which other nations are forced to adopt under like conditions. The remarks on the modern method of cavalry marching read strangely to one of the old school of American cavalrymen accustomed to cross the Plains at a walk; but some years ago it was discovered that horses could be safely taken at a faster gait than the walk, and brought into camp earlier, giving them time to rest and feed, and relieving them of the weight of the trooper and pack.

The passage of rivers and various foreign experiments in that line are commented upon. Transportation of horses by rail and sea constitutes a separate chapter, embracing the experience of recent years. The remainder of the volume is devoted to riding and training, showing the effect of various kinds of seats; stable service, forage, the service of pack trains, medicines, and the treatment of simple diseases.

After Prison—What? By Maud Ballington Booth. Fleming H. Revell Co.

Whatever may be thought of the general methods of the "Volunteers of America," there can be but one opinion of the work here described. Making every allowance for the exaggerations of enthusiasm and the blurring effects of sentiment, we must admit that Mrs. Booth's narrative silences all cavilling. The object of sending lawbreakers to prison, whether it be called punishment or reformation, is to induce them to keep out of it. The operation of the law frequently causes men who have been sent once to prison to return to it. When a convict has served his term, he is turned loose to shift for himself. In a few States he is given a suit of clothes, a little money, and, perhaps, transportation to the place where his offence was committed. But he bears the stamp of the prison in the pallor of his face, in the furtive look of his eye, and even in his gait. Those who have not known him regard him with suspicion and with fear. Those who know him want nothing to do with him, and regret that he is at large. The officers of the law are ready to arrest him on suspicion, and his only welcome is from his former associates in crime. If he tries to get work, no one wants his services. If he obtains a place by false representations, he will lose it when the truth is known. If he conceals nothing, masters dare not employ him, and men will not work with him. All this is known to him when he is yet in jail, and

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whatever disposition he may have to reform is smothered by despair or overcome by necessity. Little wonder if he soon finds himself back in prison and his last state worse than his first.

Fortunately, the case is not so bad as we have represented. Sometimes his family will receive him, or charitable men will befriend him. The prison wardens can occasionally find him work, and some benevolent associations endeavor to aid him in leading an honest life. Mrs. Booth supplements these agencies with the power of love. Rightly or wrongly, but often rightly, she assumes that the prisoner has violated the law because his environment has been evil, and that he can and will reform himself if the opportunity is presented. Even those who have sinned in spite of the best of influences are brought by the misery of prison life to see their wickedness, and respond to genuine manifestations of sympathy and love. Of the sincerity of Mrs. Booth's ministrations we cannot doubt, although we sometimes regret that some other pen than hers might not have recorded them. Yet as she has to appeal to the public for aid, she must disclose the nature of her mission and the methods which she employs, even if her own agency is thus made prominent.

One of the most satisfactory features of her work is that the publicity given by sensational newspaper reporters is discouraged, and the privacy of her "boys" is respected. There can be no uncertainty concerning the esteem in which she is held by those among whom she labors. Were other evidence wanting, the testimony of the prison-wardens would be conclusive. Although placing no obstacle in Mrs. Booth's way, they assured her at the outset that her labors would be in vain. They were quickly converted; and they heartily testify to the excellent influence exerted by the "Little Mother," as the prisoners have learned to call her. There seems to be no doubt that the "Volunteer Prison League," formed by those who profess their intention of reforming, has accomplished remarkable results. Warden Thayer of Dannemora, who expected little good from the movement, put down the names of one hundred and seven of these "Volunteers," all of them men who had constantly been reported for discipline. After a year, he found that only three had required punishment.

Altogether, the most conclusive, as it is certainly the most touching, piece of evidence in favor of Mrs. Booth's work, is furnished by the support given her by convicts. The idea of a home for discharged prisoners seems to have originated in Sing Sing. The men felt that if they were to reform, they must have a temporary refuge from which to begin their new career. It is hardly necessary to say that the income of convicts is limited. By steady overwork and good conduct during a whole year a man may earn five dollars. But in order to maintain their "Hope Hall," as the new refuge was called, the prisoners in Sing Sing managed to collect four hundred and forty-seven dollars. This surely deserves to be entered in heaven's chancery beside the widow's mite. Mrs. Booth assures us that of the three thousand discharged prisoners who have passed through her two homes, three-fourths have done well. One-fifth have been lost sight of; perhaps 5 per cent. have returned to prison.

Mrs. Booth touches lightly on the subject of prison reform. The improved behavior of prisoners reacts on their keepers; but the accursed trail of the politician renders improvement in the system almost hopeless. She speaks with just indignation of the mean and cruel policy of the labor unions in trying to prevent the employment of convicts in productive work. But some employers also exerted their influence in support of this policy. Were it overthrown, prisoners could earn not only their own living, but also enough to prevent their families from becoming charges on the poor-rates. Viewed merely as saving expense to the State, Mrs. Booth's reformatory agencies deserve support. The State deliberately increases the cost of crime to the community; Mrs. Booth does much to neutralize this shameful policy. But her work is most properly regarded from the point of view of morality and religion.

Geographic Influences in American History. By Albert Perry Brigham, A.M., F.G.S.A., Professor of Geology in Colgate University. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1903. Pp. xiii., 366.

American History and its Geographic Conditions. By Ellen Churchill Semple. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903. Pp. 466.

There are encouraging signs that the importance of a scientific study of geography is coming to be recognized in this country, as it has long been recognized in most European countries. The establishment of courses on commercial and historical geography in our leading colleges and universities is one sign; the publication of books like that of Professor Brigham and Miss Semple is another. Undoubtedly one cause of this increased attention to questions of geography in connection with history is the acquisition of new territories by the United States as a result of or contemporaneously with the Spanish war; our position as a "World Power" is felt to be conditioned in some way by "world geography." Whether Imperialist or anti-Imperialist, we can all agree that the result, from this point of view, is wholly good.

The two books which are here under consideration bear almost identical titles, and cover much the same ground. Yet there are important differences—important especially for the student of history. One way in which they differ is, indeed, indicated by the titles, similar as they are. Professor Brigham places "geographic influences" first; Miss Semple places American history first. The two books themselves reflect this different relative emphasis which the titles proclaim. Professor Brigham is primarily a student of geology; and while he has a certain familiarity with American history, it is almost necessarily based upon superficial rather than intimate knowledge. Much of his information has been gained, one may suspect, by "reading up" the subject rather than from long and careful study of it. One feels throughout that the point of view is that of a geologist interested in pointing out the relations between geological phenomena and historical facts—relations, it must be added, that are usually so obvious as to make the book of interest to the general reader, probably, rather than of service to the historian. Miss Semple, on the contrary, is primarily a student of history, or rather of historical geography, as her previous publications indicate. She is, consequently, rather more at home in dealing with the subject, at least from the side of history, than Professor Brigham is. In her book one gets more history and geography, less geology, and the information here presented has not been "bolted," so to speak, but thoroughly digested. Another difference follows quite naturally. While Professor Brigham has not neglected past history, it is not too much to say that he is chiefly interested in the present and future of the United States as influenced or as likely to be influenced by geographic conditions. Chapter vi., for instance, is quite as much a discussion of the industrial prospects of the South as it is a discussion of the history of the South from the point of view of its geographic conditions; and chapter viii., entitled "Where Little Rain Falls," is largely devoted to the possibilities of irrigation. Such chapters as these in particular contribute to make the work of Professor Brigham a cross between an industrial prospectus and a treatise on historical geography. Miss Semple, on the other hand, is little concerned with the future; her book, with the exception of three chapters, possibly, has to do with historical geography proper, and is in no sense an advertisement of the nation's resources.

She has made a very valuable addition to the literature of American history, the result, one would say, of long study and careful thought. Her knowledge in the field of geography and of American history is extensive. She has keen insight into the main tendencies of American development. The book opens with a chapter on "The Atlantic States of Europe," the most valuable part of which is the discussion of the Atlantic itself. A second chapter shows how the search for the northwest passage gradually gave place to the search for fur, leading ultimately to the French exploration of interior waterways. Two chapters follow on the "Appalachian Barrier," one showing the importance of isolation and concentration for the English colonies, the other bringing out more clearly than any work with which we are familiar the two-fold character of the spread of population in the Appalachian region—the movement along the rivers through the mountains, and the movement up and down the valleys parallel to them. Miss Semple next proceeds to discuss the effect of the new environment on the trans-Alleghany settler, the physiographic basis of the Louisiana purchase, and, in a later chapter, the spread of population in the Mississippi Valley. The relations between the Atlantic Coast and the development of sea power, and the war of 1812, furnish the material for two more chapters. Then follow three chapters, perhaps the best in the book, in which is presented a careful study of the northern and southern routes controlling expansion into the Far West. Three more chapters deal with the geographic distribution of immigration, of cities and industries, and of railroads. The work closes with two chapters pertaining to recent history—one on the "United States in its relation to the American Mediterranean," and one on "The United States as a Pacific Ocean Power."

There is a good index, and a fairly good bibliography. Miss Semple's style, without being brilliant, is clear and expressive. So

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far as we have observed, the book is remarkably free from errors. It is perhaps misleading to say that it was understood in the United States that the Louisiana treaty established the boundary at the Perdido (p. 106). Richmond M. Smith should be Richmond Mayo-Smith (p. 335).

The Taill of Rauf Coilyear: A Scottish Metrical Romance of the Fifteenth Century. Edited, with introduction, notes, and glossarial index, by William Hand Browne. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1903.

The poem which Prof. Hand Browne here presents in an exceptionally handsome and complete edition is one of the most interesting documents in Middle Scots literature. Although no copy of the poem earlier than the printed edition of 1572 is extant, its date of composition must be at least as early as the latter half of the fifteenth century, and the comparative accuracy of the text makes it important linguistically. It has been already edited by Herrtage, in the Early English Text Society's collection of Charlemagne romances, by Amours for the Scottish Text Society, and, still more recently, by Tonndorf. The two former editions, however, are parts of somewhat expensive collections, and Tonndorf's edition has neither notes nor glossary; so that there was room for an edition for the use of the average student. Professor Browne, however, has supplied so admirable an equipment for the study of the work in all its aspects that his volume would have justified itself even if it had been in more direct rivalry with its predecessors.

The book begins with a short but well-packed account of poetry in Scotland before the Reformation. Then follows a summary of the external history of the poem, of its contents, of its relation to other treatments of the same class of material, and of its place and value in literary history. Dr. Browne regards it as holding an intermediate place between the chivalry-romance and the humorous folk-tale, but differs from Professor Brandl's view of the second episode, the combat of Rauf with the Saracen, as a burlesque on the chivalry-romance. He points out that the author's treatment of this adventure, and the subsequent knighting of the collier, are completely serious; and he treats very gently Brandl's absurd confusion of the present poem with 'The Awntyrs of Arthure at the Terne Wathelyne.' He agrees with previous authorities in dating the language of the poem in the latter half of the fifteenth century, though he properly rejects, after careful examination, Tonndorf's attempt to fix it more exactly by identifying "Dame Jane" with Jeanne de Laval, widow of René of Anjou. He inclines to think the author a layman, but sees no evidence for any more definite identification, or for assigning the work to any particular district in Scotland. The closest parallel to the first adventure he finds in 'John the Reeve'; and to the second in the fight of Roland and the Saracen Otuel in the romance of 'Otuel.' Both adventures, however, belong to a very common type, and there is no question of influence here.

The third section of the introduction deals with the language, the specific treatment being preceded by a sketch of the early history of Lowland Scottish. One misses here a reference to Mr. Gregory Smith's recent notable contribution to the history of the vocabulary of Middle Scots, viz., the correction of the usual over-statement of the French influence, and a compensating stress on the direct importation from Latin. The treatment of the phonology is one of the most useful attempts yet made in this field, and, so far as it goes, is commendably clear and intelligible. It is to be regretted that to the statement of the vowels in Northumbrian, West Saxon, and Middle Scots, Dr. Browne did not add the normal Middle English form, so that a conception of the nature and extent of the variation found in Scots could be gained without further search. Similarly, in the summary of Scots vowels on page 41, the Middle English equivalent would have been more useful than the Modern English.

The text is carefully and skilfully done; and the notes and glossary are full, and enriched with the results of a wide reading in early Scottish literature. One or two suggestions may be made. "Wist" (v. 21) is probably *wished* rather than *knew*. "Cunnand" (vv. 319, 387, 538) in the sense of *Covenant* has been omitted from the glossary. The phrase on page 24 referring to the present poem as "the solitary English metrical romance of the Charlemagne cycle" is misleading. To the Bibliography should be added on page 68 a reference to Schipper's edition of Walter Kennedy (Vienna, 1901).

The volume as a whole is very welcome as one of the most satisfactory editions of a Scottish text so far issued.

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Agacy, Henry A. Free Trade, Protection, Dumping, Bounties, and Preferential Tariffs. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.

Almanach de Gotha (1904). Gotha: Justus Perthes; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.

American Art Annual. Vol. IV. 1903-1904. 226 W. 58th St.

Barrington, Mrs. Russell, Leighton and John Kyrle ('The Man of Ross'). Edinburgh: David Douglas.

Burgess, W. Sterling. The Eternal Laughter, and Other Poems. Boston: W. B. Clarke Co.

Cazamian, Louis. Kingsley et Thomas Cooper (Etude sur une source d'Alton Locke). Paris: Société Nouvelle de Librairie et d'Edition. 3 fr.

Chamberlain, James F. Field and Laboratory Exercises in Physical Geography. American Book Co.

Deschamps, Gaston. La Vie et les Livres. Sixième Série. Paris: Armand Colin. 3 fr. 50.

Dodge, Henry Nehemiah. Christus Victor. (Verse.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.

Eisler, Dr. Rudolph. Wörterbuch der Philosophischen Begriffe. Berlin: Ernst Siegfried Mittler und Sohn.

Fenn, G. Manville. Memoir of Benjamin Franklin Stevens. London: Printed at the Chiswick Press for private distribution.

Gazier, A. Mélanges de Littérature et d'Histoire. Paris: Armand Colin. 4 fr.

Gibbs, David. The Natural Number Primer. American Book Co.

Gleason, Clarence W. A. Greek Primer. American Book Co.

Gower, Lord Ronald Sutherland. Records and Reminiscences. Scribners.

Horace for English Readers. Prose translation by H. C. Wickham. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 3s. 6d. net.

How to Make a Flower Garden. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.60 net.

Journal of Montaigne's Travels in Italy, 1580 and 1581. Translated and edited by W. G. Waters. 3 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

Levering, Joseph Mortimer. History of Bethlehem, Pa. Bethlehem (Pa.): Times Pub. Co.

List of Books and Maps on the Philippine Islands in the Library of Congress. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Menger, Anton. L'Etat Socialiste. Translated into French by Edgard Milhaud. Paris: Société Nouvelle de Libraire et d'Edition. 3fr. 50c.

Meyer-Förster, Wilhelm. Old Heidelberg. Translated by Max Chapelle. Dodge & Metcalf.

Murray, Daniel A. A First Course in Infinitesimal Calculus. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.

Murray, Dr. James A. H. The Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. VII., Outjet-Ozyat. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.

Painter, F. V. N. Elementary Guide to Literary Criticism. Boston: Ginn & Co. 90 cents, by mail 95c.

Pfaefflin, Hermann. Haiano (A folk tale of the Iroquois time). Rochester: Evening Post.

Pickering, William H. The Moon (with photographic atlas). Doubleday, Page & Co. $10 special net.

Poems by John Keats. (The Oxford Miniature Edition.) London: Oxford University Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 2s. 6d. net.

Shakespere's King Lear, edited by William J. Rolfe. Revised ed. American Book Co.

Shelley's Adonais. Edited by William Michael Rossetti. New ed. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 3s. 6d.

Sir Joshua Reynolds. (Newnes's Art Library.) London: George Newnes, Limited; New York: Frederick Warne & Co.

Stevenson, Mrs. M. I. From Saranac to the Marquesas (Letters written to Miss J. W. Balfour). Edited by Marie Clothilde Balfour. Scribners.

Stoddard, Richard Henry. Recollections Personal and Literary. Limited edition. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

Stoltze, Erna M. Bunte Geschichten. American Book Co.

Swenson, Miranda Powers. Spice and Rose Leaves. (Verse.) Boston: The Gorham Press. $1.25.

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The Four Socratic Dialogues of Plato. Translated by Benjamin Jowett. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d. net.

The Hundred Love Songs of Kamal ad-Din Ismail of Isfahan. Translated from the Persian by Louis H. Gray, and put into English verse by Ethel Watts Mumford. Imported by Scribners. $2 net.

The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898. Vol. VIII.—1591-1593. Cleveland, O.: The Arthur H. Clark Co. $4 net.

Thorndike, Edward L. Educational Psychology. (Library of Psychology and Scientific Methods.) Lemcke & Buechner.

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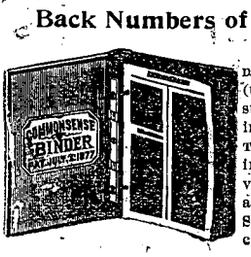

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